PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS,

PRECEDED BY

A PHYSIOGNOMICAL JOURNAL.

Translated from the German of J. C. A. Musæus,
By ANNE PLUMPTRE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF THE AUTHOR,
By his Pupil KOTZEBUE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS.

CHAP. I.

My ſecond ſetting out.

A Word upon the BRACHIUM SÆCULARE.

WHEN I ſet out upon my phyſiognomical tour, I was ſomewhat in the caſe of a certain travelling Swabian, who, at quitting his own country, concluded that the Swabian vermicelli and macaroni were in repute everywhere. When therefore he came to any place where he found them not, he made a great croſs in his calendar and marked it faſt-day, though perhaps he had partaken of a fine Weſtphalia ham, or a Bologna ſauſage. In like manner I might have procured much excellent food for the mind, in various ways at Leipſick, yet ſince I ſought in vain for my favourite

phyſiognomical diſh, I was compelled to write faſt-day in my itinerary, and make a great croſs, with a reſolution at the ſame time, never to enter that town again.

I could not digeſt Maſter Hack the whole morning. Happy was it for him that he had not taken it into his head to offer himſelf as my companion; ſince I fear had he been now in my way I might not have been reſtrained by the ſame phlegm that had before withheld my hands from leaving their indelible traces on his phyſiognomy. Not till I came farther to reflect upon it, did his impertinence of the preceding day operate with full effect upon me. I however called to mind the angelic Lavater's charming apoſtrophe to his diſciples in particular, and to the friends of the ſcience in general, when he thus addreſſes them:

" Be eſpecially upon your guard, my beloved pupils, when you liſten to the prattle of an unphyſiognomical head, who can ſee nothing, or at leaſt ſees every-thing with a diſtorted eye, leſt his folly may betray you into ebulli-

tions

tions of anger that would transform the godlike features of your own faces into thoſe of animal deformity. This is what the babbler wiſhes, the better to afford him grounds for ſcoffing at the ſcience."

Methinks he muſt have been liſtening to ſome ſuch profane tongue as Maſter Hack's, and found what difficulty he had to reſtrain his temper, at the time he wrote this caution. For, truth to ſay, my quondam companion was preciſely one of the unphyſiognomical babblers here deſcribed;—a muſhroom who took upon himſelf to judge of things far above his night-watchman's underſtanding. And what could be his aim in all the namby-pamby nonſenſe he ſputtered ſo fluently, but to degrade the noble features of the human countenance into an expreſſion of animal rage and paſſion.

This exhortation to the ſons of ſcience was a cordial to my heart, for my conſcience was beginning to reproach me with having ſuffered the Leipſicker to

enjoy his contumely unchaſtiſed. 'Tis true, indeed, I could hardly have overpowered him in diſpute, for what could a humble Philiſtine like myſelf achieve againſt ſuch a logical Samſon, but I might have gone another way to work, and turned the tables upon him, ſo as to have made him take the part of the Philiſtine, while I played that of Samſon; — and this in the firſt paroxyſms of my indignation I thought would have been perfectly proper. For thus I reaſoned:—How can ſuch a fellow, who has all the ſpirits of babbling at his command, be reſtrained from turning the godlike truth of phyſiognomy into beſtial deformity, unleſs through the medium of the *Brachium ſæculare*. And I do not doubt that with the aid of my faithful Philip, who is a tolerably effective man in this way, Samſon as he is, we could preſently have laid him ſprawling at our feet. Then ſhould the raſcal upon his knees have begged pardon for all the blaſphemies he had uttered, and bound himſelf by a ſolemn oath never

never to profane my beloved ſcience again by preſuming to deliver an opinion upon it.

But on a little reflection I thought otherwiſe. For, ſaid I to myſelf, if every literary conteſt upon matters of literary opinion were to be referred to the law of fiſts, there would be no end of bloody-noſes and broken heads. St. Auguſtine tells us, that in his time it was a matter of ſpecial debate among no leſs than two hundred and eighty-eight different ſects, what happineſs was, and where it was to be found; yet we do not find that any of theſe ſectaries pulled his antagoniſt by the beard or tore off his cloak. And who knows but in a courſe of years, an equal number of learned ſects may carry on as eager debates upon the queſtion of, "*Whether ſuch a thing as phyſiognomy really exiſts?*"— "*Whether it be a ſcience or an art?*"— "*Whether a fixed or a roving ſtar?*" Yet no one could think that it would be honoured in ſettling the diſpute by a boxing match.

What an idea had I here ſtarted! Would then the ſcience ever extend itſelf ſo widely over the globe as to divide into ſuch a number of ſects? It was a glorious proſpect, and my heart exulted at beholding, as in a prophetic viſion, the excellent Lavater canonized, and his doctrines preached to unbelieving nations, like the Goſpel to the new world. Yet I cannot ſuppoſe that the phyſiognomical faith will ever become œcumenical, as is one day to be the caſe with the Chriſtian: I am rather of opinion that the diſciples of the Zurich Apoſtle muſt ever remain, as they are at preſent, a ſeparate community.

So warmed was I with my ſubject, that had opportunity but ſerved, I had infallibly turned apoſtle myſelf, and as the firſt-fruits of my zeal, made an *auto-da-fé* of Mr. Saſto the poet, Maſter Hack the tranſlator, and, as many other blaſphemers who had dared to aſperſe the object of my adoration as I could lay my hands upon. This was doubtleſs one of my diabolical moments,

and

and I heartily wiſh I had been poſſeſſed of a pocket mirror that I might have obſerved the effect which the ſprouting of an evil purpoſe within me had upon the muſcles of my face.

From theſe phænomena in the operations of the ſoul, and from the freſh experience I had obtained how far the tumultuous paſſions of the will can overpower the too compliant underſtanding, aroſe ſeveral important and uſeful obſervations which I ſhall here note down, and, for the ſake of greater clearneſs, give them in queſtion and anſwer.

Q. Whence ariſes the ſpirit of intolerance and perſecution?

A. When a man has convinced himſelf either by the medium of the ſenſes, which, according to the commonly received opinion, may be computed at five, though there are who increaſe them to ſeven, while others hold that they are not more than three;—but be their number what it may, when a man either by means of them, or by ſome feeling of inward conviction, or by deductions drawn from reaſon, has

ſatisfied himſelf of the truth of any matter, it neceſſarily follows from the conſtruction of our nature, that he muſt feel an irreſiſtible longing to impreſs a like conviction upon the minds of others, and the more firmly this conviction is impreſſed upon his own mind, the more ardent will be this longing. Thence is naturally generated in the heart, a ſpirit of diſputation, of intolerance, of enthuſiaſm, and perſecution, and when theſe four high-mettled ſteeds are harneſſed together, though the bony ſkeleton Reaſon, may appear to hold the reins, yet the unruly beaſts concern themſelves little about their charioteer, but run with her helter-ſkelter, hither and thither, at their own pleaſure. Perſecution is always the yoke-fellow to enthuſiaſm, and, with her partner, has commonly been ſo cheriſhed and pampered by mankind that ſhe has over-rode and trampled down whatever ſhe found in her way. Of this, the ten principal perſecutions which the Chriſtian church experienced in her infancy from the blindneſs of heathen enthuſiaſm, and the ten times ten perſecutions which

which have ariſen from Chriſtian enthuſiaſm in the maturer ages of that church, are incontrovertible proofs.

Q. But enthuſiaſm and toleration may live together in peace and unanimity, as our age ſufficiently evinces?

A. As little as the wolf and the lamb, or the tiger and the ox can quietly inhabit the ſame field, ſo little can enthuſiaſm and toleration live peaceably together in the ſame boſom. However, it muſt be owned that in the preſent times, toleration dares to rear her gentle head, even though ſhe may behold enthuſiaſm at her elbows, ſhaking his lion mane. Let him who can, explain whether this happens by miracle, or only in the ordinary courſe of things. An expounder of prophecy would perhaps pronounce it the fulfilment of a celebrated prediction, and that enthuſiaſm and toleration are neither more nor leſs than the lion and the calf led by a little child, conſequently that the end of the world is at hand: for what is there that theſe expounders cannot find in the ſacred writings. I interpret the matter, however, in a totally

different way. Our preſent enthuſiaſm I conſider as of a very oppoſite nature from the old monſter with the lion's mane :—'tis rather a kind of theatrical lion who enters and ſays: "Fear me not, good people, I am no real ſavage, I have neither teeth nor claws, I ſhall only ſcratch and bite in jeſt;" and then with the utmoſt cordiality goes and ſhakes hands, behind the ſcenes, with the very Samſon or Hercules who had been his antagoniſt upon the ſtage. Let our preſent enthuſiaſm make what grimaces he will, or let his rage ariſe from whatever cauſe it will; be it religious, poetic, patriotic, ſentimental, or phyſiognomical; ſtill when compared with his predeceſſor's 'tis no more than "ſounding braſs, or a tinkling cymbal:"—no more than a torrent of words, not an overflow of feeling;—more faſhion than real ardour of the ſoul. Since then the creature is of ſo ſoft, ſo ætherial, ſo lamb-like a nature, 'tis no wonder that it has detached itſelf entirely from perſecution. And in ſuch a form it may well ſubſiſt with toleration, which is the offspring of cold-

cold-blooded philoſophical inveſtigation, as a faſhionable coquettiſh mode of dreſs may be adopted, yet the heart remain wholly uncorrupted. Should any one object that enthuſiaſm can never be wholly ſeparated from his old aſſociate, but that the latter will always follow him about like his ſhadow, I anſwer, that at leaſt the purſuit is carried on incognito on the part of perſecution, and that he dares not ſhew his face openly to the world, ſince the mighty men of the earth no longer lend him their countenance as in former times, nor will raiſe the *Brachium ſæculare* for his ſupport. Were this otherwiſe,—would any magiſtrate put forth but a little finger in his behalf—who can doubt but that the anti-philanthropinian enthuſiaſm of the right honourable Maſter Gratius would be extremely ready to ſet this ſame follower upon the philanthropinians, and confer the crown of maryrdom upon the whole body, in like manner as it was conferred upon Father Alberti by the ban of orthodox fanaticiſm. Nay, perhaps ſuch is the good maſter's pedagogical zeal, that

the fates of the philanthropinian martyrs might be made ſtill farther to reſemble that of the unfortunate Father, who, as report ſays, is not ſuffered to reſt at peace in his grave, but very lately received a thruſt in his coffin from the ſword of that valorous knight Goetz, ſurnamed with the iron hand. Yet all this does not impeach the truth of my aſſertion; the general rule holds good, though exceptions to it may be found. Indeed the *lex anticipationis* may be pleaded in the one inſtance in extenuation of the act, and in the other in excuſe for the will. Since 'tis moſt certain that the pious Alberti, in his zeal for heretic-making, would gladly have introduced a few alterations among the theologians of the church, and driven ſome two-thirds, or perhaps three-fourths of them, from their benefices to wander poor and deſtitute about the world; neither can it be denied, that, ſhould the ſovereigns of Europe ever be ſeized with as great a paſſion for philanthropic, as they feel now for military inſtitutions, many a ſchoolmaſter muſt pack up his wallet and wield

wield the pilgrim's ſtaff, inſtead of the rod and the ferula. I am afraid as much could not be ſaid in excuſe for me, when I confeſs that in the warmth of my phyſiognomical indignation I could even have played Goetz with the iron hand with the blaſphemous Maſter Hack.

Q. But of what uſe to the world is the gentle and lamb-like enthuſiaſm that pervades it at preſent?

A. Since throughout the wide extent of creation every-thing is ſo ordered that it contributes its mite towards the perfection of the whole, although its utility may not always be apparent to common eyes, but revealed only to the elect—as war with its concomitant train of calamities, loathſome vermin, conſumption, dropſy, and other diſeaſes to which the human frame is ſubject, and which all and every of them have found their panegyriſts among poets and philoſophers—ſince each part, I ſay, contributes to the harmony of the whole, ſo do I think that our preſent enthuſiaſm will be found, without having recourſe to ſophiſtical arguments, a great acquiſition to the

the world, and of infinite uſe to mankind. In the firſt place it gives to the heart where it inhabits, a wondrous feeling of ſelf-ſatisfaction, a ſort of intoxication of tranſport, that leaves no void, or vacancy, even in its inmoſt receſſes. It inſpires a certain elevation of ſoul that raiſes our mortal nature far above the earth and whatever crawls upon it, and carries it into the higher regions of idealiſm; which, blunting all external ſenſations, incloſes the ſpirit within a brazen wall that reſiſts the force of the raging waves as they break againſt it. Theſe aſſertions are the reſult of my own experience, ſince this enchanting gueſt has been my conſtant inmate even from the moment that the ſpark of the æthereal fire was firſt kindled in my boſom upon reading the phyſiognomical Fragments; though never did I ſo completely feel its celeſtial influence, as in the ſweet hours of my reverie at the commencement of my journey. In the ſecond place, enthuſiaſm is the firſt vegetative principle of all the active and inventive qualities of the human mind. What mat-

ter

ter of importance has ever been carried on in the world without her urging on the actors? No, all the various changes and chances that have taken place upon this globe of earth ever ſince it was launched into the boundleſs ocean of ſpace, have originated with her. The ſublimeſt acts of the moſt exalted virtue, and the murder of kings, even of that model of patriot ſovereigns, Henry the fourth of France, have alike been hatched from this egg. It increaſes the elaſticity of the mind, and gives play to the fibres of the brain, as water ſlackens the ſtretched rope. It drives the blood with greater velocity through the heart, fans the latent ſparks of genius into a flame, and fills the breaſt with an all-invigorating warmth. Without the beneficent workings of this power, never would the world have been enriched with four quarto volumes of phyſiognomical Fragments, a phyſiognomical Cabinet, a Comedy on Phyſiognomy, or my phyſiognomical Travels. Thoſe perſons therefore who abjure enthuſiaſm, and make no claim to any thing beyond

common

common downright underſtanding, I regard as no better than farthing candles to the world, while the enthuſiaſts are the Argand's lamps that dazzle and enlighten it. I do not indeed conſider mere underſtanding as of very great account. 'Tis true ſhe muſt have a place in the head, as the depoſitary of all human greatneſs, but ſhe is of too cold a nature ever to undertake by herſelf any thing arduous or uncommon. When, however, a proper contingent of enthuſiaſm is enrolled with underſtanding, the regiment is complete, aud each aſſiſts the other in its progreſs, like the horſe and his rider. Yet it muſt be obſerved that underſtanding ſhould be the rider, and hold in its mettled courſer with a tight curb, whereas it often happens unfortunately that the caſe is reverſed.

I think I can illuſtrate this ſubject in another way, by a little pond which I have at home. The carp 'tis well known is a lazy fiſh, keeping generally in the mud at the bottom of the water, not even coming up to feed without reluctance. An old fiſherman once told me that he would impart a ſecret

ſecret by which I might rouſe theſe ſluggards, drive away their inactive phlegm, and make them nimble and alert as the briſkeſt navigators of the ocean. This was, when the little carplings were about a year old, and had acquired ſome ſtrength, to throw in a Pickerel among them. It was droll enough to ſee the golden fry, how they ſwam and ſcudded about at ſight of their new gueſt;—but it would not do, the gormandizing Pike was too mighty for them, and inſtead of coming up for food themſelves, they ſerved as food for him, till at length I had one pike in my pond and no carp. Thus it is with underſtanding and enthuſiaſm, where the latter is too powerful it tyrannizes and devours every thing; but where they are united in juſt proportions——

"Halloo! Halloo!—ſoftly! ſoftly!"—I here exclaimed—"Help, Philip, help!"—for my meditations were interrupted by a ſudden fancy my Cimbrian had taken to pour forth his evening oriſons, for which purpoſe he had gone down upon his knees, and I could not perſuade him to riſe again.

A ſmack

A ſmack of Philip's whip put an end to his devotions, and ſoon re-inſtated him upon his legs without any injury either to himſelf or me. But it was not ſo eaſy to reinſtate me in my train of reflection, ſo I was compelled, though reluctantly, to drop the ſubject for that time; and it was not long before the ſight of an inn turned my thoughts into a very different channel.

On the morrow, as I purſued my journey, I could not forbear revolving in my mind the caſualty of the preceding day, as well as the philoſophical reflections it interrupted, when I thought that I might very well be compared to underſtanding and my nag to enthuſiaſm. Of what avail is it, argued I, that the former ſhould be the rider, unleſs he attend to the way as well as hold the bridle, ſince if he be negligent in this reſpect, nothing is more probable than that in the end the horſe may break his rider's neck. This, then, I farther thought, ſhall be a leſſon to me in future, to hold the phyſical bridle of my horſe, as well as the moral bridle

of

of my feelings, very ſhort, and not ſuffer it to hang upon the ſaddle, nor permit my attention to be arreſted by extraneous things. Carefully will I examine every ſtep I take, that both my pilgrimage here below, and my phyſiognomical tour, may be brought to a happy concluſion.

CHAP. II.

My ſecond reſting place.

Senſibility and Sentimentality.

At my entrance into an inn in the town of Meiſſen, built by Henry the Bird-catcher *, I met with a very droll adventure. In the countenance of my hoſt I perceived a jolly cajoling innkeeper's phyſiognomy, which told me at the firſt glance that his tongue was a very active member of his body. I therefore determined to enter into converſation with him, and began by aſking if he had in general much company, and what gueſts he might have had immediately before me.

This was enough to ſet him off. Without anſwering my queſtions, he firſt began a long and ample deſcant upon the common-place topic of the hardneſs of the

* An Emperor of Germany, ſo called from his fondneſs for hawking. *Tranſl.*

times,

times, and then proceeded to a melancholy detail of his domeſtic calamities, enlarging particularly upon the contributions to the former war, and counting over with his fingers how many horſes and how many wives he had loſt. But of all his afflictions he ſaid, none lay ſo heavy at his heart as the loſs of a grown up daughter, the principal ſupport of his houſe, and worth all his wives and horſes put together. The complaeent ſmile which overſpread his countenance during the relation of his heavy catalogue of grievances, led me involuntarily to reflect upon this phænomenon, and to revolve in my mind what could be the reaſon that moſt people when they are deſirous of ſhewing reſpect to the perſon with whom they converſe, ſuppoſe this is beſt effected by ridiculous grimace, and therefore diſtend their features into a grin, no matter whether the ſubject be grave or facetious.

It appears to me that ſuch a ſmile, if literally tranſlated, would run thus. Though in fact there be nothing laughable in what I am ſaying, yet the preſence of your honour

nour, or your lordſhip, or your grace, ſpreads ſuch a feeling of delight over my ſoul, that all my ſorrows are inſtantly forgotten, as your honour, or your lordſhip, or your grace, would be convinced could you but look into the mirror of my heart.

Or perhaps the matter may be thus explained.—Every one wiſhes to appear, at firſt ſight, to the greateſt poſſible advantage, and ſince experience ſhews that a complacent and ſmiling countenance is much more attractive than a ſtiff and ſurly one, ſo the ſimper may be originally ſtudied with this view, till at length it becomes a habit. 'Tis alſo poſſible that the ſmile with which little people accoſt great people, may be a ſymbolical aſſertion of the rights of human nature. Since 'tis well known that man is the only being in the whole animal creation endowed with the noble privilege of laughing—and ſince the great are very apt to forget, when they have any concern with the little, that they are of the ſame order of beings as themſelves, but rather conſider their ſervants and ſubjects in the ſame light with their dogs and horſes,—'tis

therefore neceſſary that the latter ſhould have ſome ſymbol by which to remind their maſters that there is no natural or eſſential difference between them. Some future pathognomiſt, who in his fragments ſhall analyſe this ſpecies of ſmile, will doubtleſs pronounce which of theſe explanations appears the moſt ſatisfactory.

After my ſmirking hoſt had run his full career upon what I did not wiſh to know, he at length came to what I did wiſh to know,—hard times—want of money—no trade—people can't afford to travel—for a whole week only one poſt chaiſe with two paſſengers—well, if ſuch came every day—a couple of charming young people—went away but an hour ago—a young lady white as the lilly, and red as the roſe—ſaw from under an Engliſh hat a pair of killing eyes—gentleman a fine young fellow—preſſed her ſnowy hand, and whiſpered in her ear—kiſſed the ends of her fingers—muſt be bride and bridegroom, they ſeemed ſo loving—could'nt have been married many days though, or all their cooing would have been over.

This

This harangue was like a *coup-de-ſoleil.* Ha! thought I, doubtleſs my little run-away!—My heart beat like the ſtrokes of a hammer, my face burned like fire, I felt the blood ſkip and jump in my veins as much as to ſay, here thou can'ſt tarry no longer. I put a thouſand queſtions in an inſtant to my hoſt without allowing him time to anſwer one, and then ran into a room to look for my hat, not perceiving that it was upon my head. I reſolved to ſet out inſtantly, in the full hope of overtaking the poſt-chaiſe, which I had no doubt contained my Sophy. The hoſt ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment, and knew not what to make of all he witneſſed, only was afraid that by his chattering he had driven away a gueſt, a kind of fiſh not often caught in his net. But luckily, or unluckily, my horſe had loſt a ſhoe, and though I ſent him off like lightning to the ſmith, before the accident could be repaired my blood began to cool.—When the ſteed therefore returned, the humour for ſetting out was paſt, and I ordered him quietly back to the ſtable.

Here

Here I had been guilty of a new folly, if underſtanding had not ſoon obtained the aſcendant over paſſion. My inward feelings told me as plainly and poſitively that the girl was no other than Sophy, as ſome days before they had aſſerted the Leipſick hour-proclaimer to be the greateſt of all poets. From which it follows, that whoever ſuffers himſelf to be led by inward feeling, will do things terribly at random. If the opponents of phyſiognomy are right in aſſerting that this inward feeling proceeds from an aſſociation of preconceived ideas, 'tis not difficult to trace how it had nearly led me like a jack-a-lantern into a bog. Had not the viſionary form of Sophy ſtill continued to run about in my brain like a mouſe that has crept into a hollowed pumpkin, whence it cannot get out again, could I ever have thought of finding her in a poſt-chaiſe at the diſtance of ſo many miles from my own houſe. But when I came ſoberly to reflect upon the matter, I could perceive no more reaſon for ſuppoſing this travelling fair one to be my ſtray ſheep, than

any other female within the nine circles of the Holy Roman Empire.

Yet haunted as I was by her image I could by no means ſleep, and being therefore up very early, in hopes of diſſipating thought, I went down into the bar-room of the inn. Here I found a young man at breakfaſt, ſitting with his hands claſped together, his eyes fixed upon one ſpot, and apparently in ſuch complete abſtraction that he did not perceive my entrance. I imagined him to be repeating his morning oriſons, a ſight which pleaſed me much, ſince 'tis a rare phænomenon to behold any one of a higher claſs than a day-labourer, or a working mechanic, at prayers out of a church, unleſs compelled to it by the duties of his office. I muſt confeſs that I am not one of thoſe who ſet this good example to my brethren, although it always makes a ſolemn and ſublime impreſſion upon my ſoul when I receive the example from others. I would not diſturb the man in his devotions, ſo placed myſelf on a chair oppoſite to him and began to inveſtigate his phyſiognomy. No poet,

ſaid

ſaid I; that forehead is too bony for writing verſes, otherwiſe open, candid, but not a deep-thinker; the noſe has nothing airy; the ſunken eye denotes inward ſenſibility; the mouth, patient ſuffering; in the whole countenance I can find no traces of energy.

We both finiſhed our ſilent meditations at the ſame time. The ſtranger ſipped up his laſt diſh of tea, ſaluted me civilly, and then began packing up in a little caſe, his tea-ſervice, which was his own property. In doing this I perceived that the china was ornamented with ſilhouettes. I was tranſported beyond bounds, and ſcarcely could reſtrain myſelf from giving my companion a huzza, as a phyſiognomical brother, in the ſame manner as one Engliſh ſhip hails another when they meet upon the open ſea. Yet I had been ſo often deceived, that I thought it better for awhile to hold back. I however drew from my pocket-book ſome profiles which I always keep about me, as a phyſiognomical Shibboleth by which to diſcover a true ſon of the ſcience.

"Sir," ſaid I, "I perceive that you have invented a very ingenious method of delineating ſilhouettes upon porcelain, ſo that they may reſiſt the deſtroying hand of time. A glorious idea this! Doubtleſs, ſir, you muſt be a phyſiognomiſt?—How do you read theſe heads?" And immediately I ſpread them before him.

"How do I read them, ſir? I cannot read any thing there, ſince I ſee nothing written. But the portrait of Luther which I have at home under a glaſs, I can read, ſince that is done in writing by a capital writing-maſter, with the ſix principal heads of the doctor's catechiſm *."

I caught up my profiles haſtily and thruſt them again into my pocket-book, convinced that the man was a mere idiot, who could not diſtinguiſh between a baſket and a pail †. "How comes it then," ſaid I, "ſince you appear an entire ſtranger

* A head formed in writing in this ſame manner may be ſeen at the Britiſh Muſeum.—*Tranſl.*

† This alludes to a child's play called "*Baſket and pail.*"

to the ſcience of phyſiognomy, that your tea-ſervice is thus ornamented?"

"As to the ſcience I leave that to the china-manufacturer, but the profiles on my tea-cups have a meaning which I cannot here explain, ſince it involves a whole hiſtory."

"If this hiſtory be communicable," I replied, "may I requeſt to hear it?—I am perfectly at leiſure, if you have time and inclination for the narrative."

"Well then," ſaid the ſtranger, "I am a merchant, conſtrained by my buſineſs to travel very much; ſo that I am ſcarcely at home more than four months in the year. I can therefore enjoy only a third part of my domeſtic happineſs in the poſſeſſion of an amiable wife and two lovely children, on whom my heart hangs with ſuch exceſs of fondneſs, that it coſts me the ſevereſt pangs to part from them. Nor do they feel leſs at being ſeparated from me; perhaps even more, ſince they have not an equal ſhare of occupation to diſſipate their thoughts. When I bring the ſum of my domeſtic happineſs into calculation,

and find that two-thirds of it remains as idle capital, wholly unemployed, I can only put this down on the loſing ſide; and where loſs and gain do not even ſtand in an equal balance, the merchant is going terribly backwards in the world. I have therefore deviſed a means whereby to put another third of this dear capital into circulation, that I may at leaſt have ſome gain; and this is to hold at ſtated periods an imaginary intercourſe with the cheriſhed objects of my affection, which may at the ſame time increaſe the happineſs of my life, and ſerve as a recompence for my labours. My occupations, even when at home, often tear me from my beloved circle; but the breakfaſt hour alone I never ſuffer to be interrupted. This is ſacred to wedded bliſs. All cares, all buſineſs, are then forgotten; I ſee, hear, think of nothing but my wife and children; 'tis the only time we are ſecure of enjoying together. The moment that the clock ſtrikes eight, the intereſting ſcene is cloſed by a tender embrace, when we each depart to our reſpective employments. That we may

even

even in abſence enjoy this delicious hour, we have contrived a method of being then conſtantly united in imagination. I can aſſure myſelf that in thoſe moments my beloved wife and children think of nothing but their huſband and father; talk of nothing elſe; do nothing but what has ſome reference to him; and they are equally certain that at the ſame time, no object is preſent to my thoughts but themſelves. Every time I put my cup to my mouth I touch the lips of my wife, while her eyes are at the like moment riveted on my ſilhouette which hangs by the ſide of Dr. Luther's portrait. The heavenly tranſports that ariſe from this ideal intercourſe are not to be deſcribed; they muſt be felt, and can be felt only by thoſe who ſincerely love. If you be one of theſe elect, you will underſtand me without more words; if not, 'tis impoſſible to make you conceive how nearly ideal tranſports approach to what are real."

Here I interrupted him:—"With permiſſion, ſir, I underſtand you perfectly. I

am not ſo great a ſtranger in the regions of idealiſm as you in thoſe of phyſiognomy. I have entered fully into your feelings, and am pleaſed with your conceit. I alſo have loved, or at leaſt, according to the cant phraſe of our preſent wits, have played at love, and when removed by cruel deſtiny far from the dear arms of my *Lalage*, ſhe has oftimes given me an ideal rendezvous in the moon. Then indeed did we conceive ourſelves alone in that mild planet, and thought her the only confident of our endearments; while this imagined privacy gave to each embrace a tranſport almoſt more than heavenly. But ſince the ſame orb has become the general reſort of all lovers; ſince every votary of the infant god now gazes nightly on her paly luſtre, and every ſigh of the enamoured boſom aſcends to her, ſo that amid the tumultuous maſs 'tis impoſſible for each individual to diſtinguiſh which ſigh is his rightful propery; ſince, in ſhort, this ſame moon has become like an inn, where people of all ſorts meet from all quarters, 'tis no longer the place for one who,

who, like me, deſires only a *tête-à-tête.* Your ideal interview therefore, which reſts upon a point of time, not upon a point of view, appears to me a very happy thought. Indeed if I judge rightly, you muſt have a heart of great ſenſibility, which in your peculiar ſituation would have proved a conſtant enemy to your repoſe, had you not hit upon this ſingular and happy method of accommodating your feelings rather to the reception of pleaſure than of pain. Permit me to aſk for a deſcription of your this day's converſation with your wife; I long to ſympathize with you more in detail; and when I firſt entered, you ſeemed altogether wrapt in your ſubject."

"You are not miſtaken. Yet believe me 'tis impoſſible to embody the viſionary images that hover about my heart in theſe delicious morning hours. You deceive yourſelf, my dear ſir, in ſuppoſing that you could entirely ſympathize with me, and I ſhould therefore hold any attempt to delineate ſuch ſcenes as profanation. If, however, you wiſh to form ſome

idea of them, let me refer you to any of our modern ſentimental writers, whoſe pages overflow with deſcriptions of a ſimilar nature."

"Yet theſe painters give us only harſh and rough contours of their ſentimental ſcenes, which rather create a nauſea, than the delicate detail that affects and diſſolves the ſoul. 'Tis therefore incomprehenſible to me how the public has ſuffered them to remain ſo long unpuniſhed. In fact, true ſenſibility never breaks out into a torrent of words, but rather appears in indeſcribable effuſions of the heart. For this very reaſon, ſir, I eſteem you a true and undiſguiſed ſentimentaliſt, ſince you find it impoſſible to clothe your feelings in language, and only evince them by outward actions in which every equally feeling heart muſt participate. But when one of your tender ſentimental crabs, which by nature is a hard rinded fruit, ſteps forth and complains of the impreſſion that every breath of air makes upon her delicate and irritable nerves, talks of the peculiar ſubtility of her organization,

and

and requires the ſympathy of every living ſoul, elſe they are to be branded as unfeeling ſtocks and ſtones; who can refrain from laughing at ſuch folly and affectation. Or, if a tender delicate female ſympathizes, almoſt to fainting, at hearing of the laſt ſtruggles and agonies of a dying Gaffer-long-legs, and ſheds torrents of heart-breaking tears over a withering flower, while the moans of her children, tortured with the tooth-ach or a pain in ſtomach, are diſregarded, who can wonder that the very name of ſenſibility becomes ridiculous and odious, or that a man of ſenſe ſhould be ſeized with a fit of the ſpleen every time he hears the name of a ſentimentaliſt? That"——

But even here, juſt as I began to enter into the very pith and marrow of my ſubject, and found matter preſs upon me ſo that I could have preached for a month upon ſenſibility and ſentimentality, placing every thing in its proper light to the merchant, in whom I thought I had found a patient auditor,—even here, in the fineſt flow of my oratorical powers, I was interrupted

by the arrival of the poſtman. My patient auditor was no more; away he flew in an inſtant, and all the vaſt ſtore of eloquence which I was ſo liberally pouring forth, I was now conſtrained to keep to myſelf, becauſe I could find no one on whom to beſtow it.

The time I had ſpent in the bar-room this morning was however wheat ſown on good ground, for it brought me in a threefold gain. In the firſt place it confirmed my phyſiognomical faith, ſince no man could deny that in this inſtance my judgment had, like the apoſtle when he laid his hand on the diſeaſed, drawn out whatever was concealed within. I had read the man's character in his face as truly and plainly as I could have read it in his heart, had I been provided with an eye at the end of my little finger. I only wiſhed that I had phyſiognomized the ſtranger in the public pulpit, before the whole pariſh, to the end that ſmall and great might have been convinced of the truth of our ſcience. For 'tis a terrible bar to its progreſs, that phyſiognomiſts, when

when they judge rightly, wrapped in their ſelf-ſatisfaction, keep their diſcoveries within their own boſoms, while, if it ever happen, as muſt be the caſe in every thing human, that they ſometimes err and miſtake one letter for another, their antagoniſts raiſe a mighty outcry againſt them, and are as much delighted as if they had found Sir Iſaac Newton or Mr. Locke at a brothel. All this vexes and teazes me to the ſoul; ſince I place as much confidence in the ſcience, particularly when I happen to have drawn a prize, as Dr. Hill repoſed in the efficacy of ſage for prolonging human life, or Dr. Marx in the power of acorn-coffee, when he believed it had reſtored a ſick man to health. Though Dr. Baldrian thinks there muſt have been another ingredient in this wonderful beverage if it performed all the miracles recorded of it; viz. water from the Pool of Betheſda.

In the ſecond place I was delighted with the merchant's ſentimentality, becauſe it eminently contributed to the eſtabliſh-

eſtabliſhment of my theory concerning the exquiſite pleaſure diffuſed into the ſoul by the power of meditation. To this, I think our being very much in the ſame ſituation with reſpect to affairs of the heart, not a little contributed. He loved; I loved. He was happy in his love, I wiſhed to be ſo; therefore when he touched this ſtring of his cheriſhed idealiſm, mine vibrated in ſympathetic uniſon. All together I could not help thinking my man of trade, notwithſtanding his groſs phyſiognomical ignorance, one of the happieſt mortals on this ſide the moon. For a married man, who, after ſome years, feels the paſſion of love ſtill ſo forcibly that in the hours of abſence he holds ideal intercourſe with his wife, is indeed a rare phænomenon.

In the third place, I was ſo much pleaſed with the conceit of delineating ſilhouettes on his breakfaſt-ſervice, that ſince I was by chance thrown upon the very ſpot where the principal manufacture of German porcelain is carried on, I delayed

layed not for a moment going to the manufactory and beſpeaking a couple of chocolate cups adorned with my Sophy's ſilhouette, ſurrounded by a garland of flowers. As ſoon as theſe were finiſhed, not finding any thing to detain me longer at Meiſſen, I packed up my baggage and departed.

CHAP. III.

My third ſetting out.

The Treaſure in the Mountains.

One of our claſſic writers ſays, if I miſtake not, "*that in a walk every way is the right.*" This is a curtain between the baſtions, behind which the author retreats when the critic would ſtorm his fortreſs. The critic ſays, here you have miſſed your way, there you have fallen into an error,—here you have run againſt the wall like a blind man—and from pure commiſeration would lend a helping hand to ſet the poor devil right. But the author replies, 'tis you are out, friend; don't concern yourſelf with me; I know very well what I am about; I am only taking a walk, and then every way is the right. Thus may an

an author wind and twiſt this way and that at his pleaſure, and who ſhall ſay aught againſt it, or pretend to dictate to him and mark the proper line of direction by throwing the bowl before him?

I am ſtrongly inclined to profeſs my tour to be only a ride for pleaſure, that nobody may be at liberty to inquire why, upon a phyſiognomical pilgrimage, I choſe to turn directly into the unphyſiognomical road. Only I am apprehenſive that here I might get into another ſcrape, ſince who would ſuffer me peaceably to take a ride of ſeveral hundred miles, merely for pleaſure? Except that great pedeſtrian genius the Marquis St. A——, whom I ſtill hope to meet in the courſe of his cruſade through the Holy Roman Empire, ſcarcely can an inſtance be adduced of any perſon's ſtraying ſo far from home, either on foot or on horſeback, ſolely for an airing.

Certainly 'tis a very mortifying circumſtance when a Greenlander is obliged to return from his fiſhery with ſcarcely as many herrings as he hoped to have caught whales. And ſuch ſeemed likely to be my

my caſe. My plan was well formed—I meant to have viſited all the great towns of Germany, as Leipſick, Dreſden, Berlin, Hamburgh, &c. for I concluded that in theſe places I ſhould find phyſiognomiſts collected together by dozens and by ſcores, as in ſo many neſts. Yet in conſequence of a train of reflections into which I had accidentally fallen, I ſuddenly reſolved, as I trotted out of the gates of Meiſſen, to alter my courſe, ſo turned ſhort to the right, and bent my way directly to the Erz Mountains.

If thoſe literati be in the right, thought I, who have lately diſcovered that all the evils formerly encloſed in Pandora's box may with propriety be referred to the influence of climate, then have I found a ſufficient reaſon why my reſearches have not hitherto been crowned with ſucceſs, ſince 'tis moſt undoubted that the climate of a level country, or of a large town, cannot be favourable to phyſiognomy. Every thing that can only be embodied through the power of a warm imagination, muſt be performed better in a romantic valley,

valley, near the entrance of a horrible cave, at the foot of ſome tremendous rock, amid the pathleſs meanderings of a chain of lofty and barren mountains, than in a ſmiling, cultivated, plain, or ſurrounded by the noiſe and tumult of a populous city. All the prophets of old came forth *from* the mountains, or at leaſt delivered their oracles *in* the mountains—and the whole preſent race of viſionaries, the hoary and the beardleſs prophets, the encounterers of angels, the ſoarers aloft into the regions of æther, the idealiſts, ſtill have their habitations among the mountains, and cleave to the deſert and the ruined wall as to their Zihim and Ohim. 'Tis therefore that many a little village, many a ſolitary thatched cottage, which a traveller would paſs by with diſdain, nor condeſcend to thruſt his head out of the carriage and vouchſafe it a paſſing look, can often exhibit a curioſity that would be ſought in vain in the moſt celebrated towns in Europe.

Berlin and Peterſburgh have each its ſociety of literati, formed of the moſt learned

learned and ſcientific men of the age; but a milk-maid endowed with omniſcience is to be found only in the Canton of Lucerne, in a diſtrict without a name*. Great ſtateſmen may ſee ſome way into the intrigues of foreign Courts, may penetrate partially into what is going forwards in the Divan or Conclave; but a golden ſhower through the roof of the Seraglio or the Vatican is the only medium by which *they* can diſcover all that paſſes there. Not even the moſt diſcerning among the claſs of politicians can develope the cabals of a neighbouring cabinet by the ſole aid of a bottle of clear ſpring-water. The water-propheteſs at Biel † is the only mortal on God's earth inveſted with this wondrous power. In Holy Rome, where the viſible church holds its court here below, the abode of many a pious monk and nun,

* The Lucerne Milk-maid was a celebrated fortune-teller about the time when Muſæus wrote.—*Tranſl.*

† This was a woman who pretended to foretel future events by looking into a bottle of ſpring-water.—*Tranſl.*

the

the place where the Apoſtolic St. Martin of Schierbach cured a ſick cow by his ſhadow, which conſequently ought to be the very focus of all miracles, we never hear of a ſingle miracle being now performed by living ſaints. Rome is built on ſeven hills, each of which is ornamented with a variety of ſplendid temples and palaces, yet on none of them do we hear of a Miraculatorium: ſuch an edifice is to be found only in one ſpot upon the habitable globe, in a wild and romantic country near Zurich in Switzerland*. The preſent Dean of Pondorf did not, in the outſet of his career, raiſe his wonder-working voice amid the public highways, and within the walls of great towns, but commenced his preachments in remote and obſcure corners; like a hobgoblin, who at firſt attacks people only at night from a church-yard wall or ruined charnel-houſe, but when by this

* Lavater's houſe in the neighbourhood of Zurich. His belief in miracles has already been noticed.—*Tranſl.*

means

means he has obtained due reſpect among the women and children, grows more bold, and twitches them by the gown, or pulls them by the noſe, in broad day.

Theſe examples are ſufficient to prove that the imagination thrives beſt in ſuch ſolitary ſpots as are ſuited to the growth of the Arnica, while, on the contrary, in wide-extended ſandy plains, ſuch as are congenial to the juicy turnip, it will not even take root. But ſince every ſoil is adapted to the nouriſhment of its peculiar ſpecies of plant, ſo plain underſtanding, cold-blooded reaſon, patient inveſtigation, and theoretic philoſophy, are, as it were, indigenous productions of thoſe climates where the rock and the mountain are unknown. I notice this influence of climate, chiefly to prove that no enthuſiaſt can be of natural growth in the Bradenburgh States, but if one be ever found there by chance, he muſt be an exotic, and raiſed in the hot-houſe. The ſame ſpeculation, I ſuppoſe, might have occurred to the ingenious Lavater, when ſome years

years ago he ſet out upon a journey himſelf, and afterwards ſent emiſſaries over the country to trace out the ancient belief in miracles whereſoever, within the bounds of the habitable globe, it might be concealed. Then did he direct his young men to paſs by the great towns, or if they were conſtrained to enter them, never to make known there the object of their miſſion. But amid the woods and mountains to examine every ſhepherd they found tending his flocks, to enter every ſtraw-roofed cottage, and traverſe every threſhing floor, every dairy, every ſpinning-room, under the idea that in theſe alone they would be likely to diſcover the ſanctity and ſimplicity of manners that marked the golden age, and that ſtrength of faith which could remove mountains.

Led on by the images which thus floated in my mind, I immediately ſteered my courſe towards more ſolitary regions, and on the following day arrived within the diſtrict of the Erz Mountains. As the ground ſwelled by degrees, and the blue hills hovered before me in the diſtant

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tant horizon, a thouſand viſions began to animate my ſoul, and had almoſt ſunk me into a reverie, but that the deſpot Æſophagus here got the maſtery, and for the preſent had more influence than the climate. In this ſituation I met a peaſant of whom I inquired, "My friend, how goes the time by your village clock?" —"Sir," anſwered he, "we have no clock in our village; but according to appearances at the caſtle 'tis juſt dinner-time, for the partridges ſeem already roaſted."

I could not here reſiſt a certain indeſcribable impulſe, which perhaps might be accounted for without difficulty, to make farther inquiries about the caſtle, when I learned that it was inhabited by a virtuous widow, who was placed there to inſpect the education of ſome young ladies of rank. This information inſpired me with a ſtrong inclination to commence an adventure, by introducing myſelf to the ladies after the faſhion of Mr. Buncle; and with this view I immediately called to mind one of that gentleman's introductory

tory orations, to excuſe my uninvited appearance among them.

I found the widow a fine ſhowy woman, ſcarcely paſt the prime of life, nor had ſhe experienced any perſonal loſſes excepting here and there a tooth. She received me very graciouſly, but with an overflow of eloquence rather overpowering to an empty ſtomach; for which conſequently I had a much higher reliſh after dinner than before. Beſides myſelf, there was at table a young officer, whoſe viſit to this convent was probably not for the purpoſe of praying. After dinner, our hoſteſs, addreſſing her two gueſts, aſked if it would be agreeable to attend at her phyſiognomical lecture, which ſhe uſually held at that hour of the day. Judge, reader, what were my ſenſations at thus finding my ideas juſtified, and that phyſiognomy had actually taken root in the Erz Mountains. My tranſports were ſcarcely inferior to thoſe experienced by Alexander the Great's army, when, after happily croſſing the Lybian deſert, they beheld the firſt elm on ap-

proaching the temple of Jupiter-Ammon. The whole proceſſion immediately adjourned to the library, as by courteſy it was called; but in which there were no books of any importance, except an ample ſtock of aſcetical works, of which the Sermons for Married Women bore the ſtrongeſt marks of having been diligently ſtudied —Hermes's bulky Marriage Syſtem, all the three legitimate editions of which had a place here,—and the Phyſiognomical Fragments.

It was Madame de Bohn's cuſtom to proceed exactly the ſame with her phyſiognomical lecture in the afternoon, as with her lecture on the bible in the morning.—A volume of the fragments was taken down, whichever ſhe happened firſt to place her hand upon. This was opened equally at random; and the page to which chance thus directed her was read, and made the ſubject of her that day's commentary. The lot now happened to fall upon the thirty-third fragment of the ſecond part, on the table, containing the heads of lions, tigers, cats, and leopards. On this ſhe made

made a ſeries of eloquent obſervations; but which, I muſt confeſs, did not intereſt me ſo much as the ſtriking contraſt that appeared between the grim, malicious, crafty phyſiognomy of the ferine tribe, and the mild, gentle, lamb-like phyſiognomy of the young ladies, who reſpectfully crouched around their governeſs, eagerly catching every ſyllable that fell from her ruby lips. The only countenance amid the whole groupe, in which I could diſcover the leaſt reſemblance to the phyſiognomy of animals before us, was the young officer's. In that I thought I diſcerned a certain cat-like watchfulneſs, which, however, had more in it of the pathognomic, than the phyſiognomic—while one of the damſels played mouſe with him very openly, though entirely unobſerved by the lady lectureſs, who was wholly and completely lion and leopardized. But, as to her ſcientific talents, I found her merely a book phyſiognomiſt, and only re-echoing what her maſter preached. When ſhe quitted him, ſhe could ſcarcely get on with a ſingle ſentence. The truth of this obſervation,

the following fragment of her lecture, which I recollected afterwards, and noted down, will abundantly teſtify.

"It is aſtoniſhing," ſhe ſaid, "how far the reſemblance between men and beaſts is ſometimes carried. I know a cavalier who is ſo like that man there with the ſtag's antlers,"—pointing to a picture of Acteon hanging in the room—"that were the antlers taken away from the figure in the picture, or could you ſuppoſe them put upon my friend's head, you would ſwear it was the cavalier himſelf here delineated, although the head in the picture be that of a ſtag, not of a man. In like manner the Dey of Algiers, in this vignette, ſo perfectly reſembles the ſitting leopard, that were I unfortunately to loſe the ſketch of the one, I could eaſily repair the loſs by having a copy taken from the other. Obſerve how all the properties of the leopard may be traced in this horrible phyſiognomy. What ſuffocating rage in the mouth hanging down on both ſides! what an unquenchable thirſt after Chriſtian blood flames in theſe eyes!—'Tis as if the mad-

man

man had caught a dozen of Chriſtian ſlaves with a hook, and felt the moſt barbarous pleaſure in ſeeing the poor wretches writhe and ſtruggle with agony. Then, what cruelty and inexorable brutality in that ſtiff neck!—nay even the hanging of the turban is characteriſtick—it marks fury and ungovernable paſſion. As madmen in their frenzy tear their own hair and beards, ſo has this wretch, in the ebullitions of his rage, fallen upon his turban, and torn it, as we ſee.—Humanity, indeed, ſhudders at ſo horrible a phyſiognomy!—Good God, what monſters do we meet with among mankind!"

I could not here forbear putting in a word, if poſſible, to correct an error, into which I perceived the good lady had fallen. It was not, perhaps, worth while, yet I was urged to it by irreſiſtible impulſe. "However, madam," ſaid I, "ſurely the gentleman in the vignette is entirely innocent of what your ladyſhip has read in his phyſiognomy. He never knouted, impaled, or ſawed in pieces any human ſoul. Sometimes, perhaps, he may have bullied and ſwaggered with his wooden ſword, but,

in return, he has received many a buffet from others. Do you not know this Vizier?—are you not acquainted with the name by which he is diſtinguiſhed?"

"His name," anſwered the lady, a little indignantly, "what does it ſignify whether it be Ibrahim or Muſtapha?—I am ſatisfied with knowing that he is a Dey of Algiers, as plainly appears from the text. Does not that tell us, the ſitting leopard is the true image of a Dey of Algiers on his throne, with his miniſter at his ſide?—And moſt naturally has the admirable Lavater ſubjoined the reſemblance to the portrait it was to illuſtrate, as the moſt convincing method he could poſſibly take of enforcing his illuſtration: Were this not ſo, all were over with phyſiognomy.—The ſcience would be good for nothing indeed, if the phyſiognomiſt could not, at the firſt glance, diſtinguiſh a Prince, a Phyſician, a Jew, a Turk, a Dey, a Hoſpodar, a Staroſt, &c. &c. &c."

"Yes," ſaid I, "ſo indeed it ought to be,—but ſtill to err is human; and your ladyſhip will pleaſe to obſerve, that this man

man in the vignette is neither more nor leſs than Nick-Fool, nor is what you ſuppoſe the tattered remnant of his turban, any other than his fool's cap, only that the engraver has forgotten the bells."

Heavens, reader! could'ſt thou but have ſeen how the angry lady flew upon me!—Sir," ſaid ſhe, "whoever pretends to ſay that this vignette is Nick-Fool, calls me a dunce."

Don Belianis, who had hitherto played mute in the ſeraglio, but who now wiſhed to court the favour of the ſultana, here took up the cudgels on her ſide, and threw down the gauntlet againſt all and every one who would not acknowledge the moſt illuſtrious Nick-Fool to be a Dey of Algiers, engaging, on the faith of a true knight, to prove every ſuch offender void of all grace, and abſolutely beſide himſelf. At this unforſeen attack I withdrew behind my old rampart—ſilently referred to the third eſſay of the fragments, and only ſaid, with a ſort of triumphant tone, "Will you be ſo good as to read this paſſage, ſir?" Now was the mouſe completely caught in the

trap, and victory declared entirely on my ſide;—but it was neceſſary to erect another bridge before the parties could abſolutely come together, and this was done at poor Lavater's expence. The materials for it I indeed furniſhed myſelf, though I could not abſolutely vindicate my conduct *in foro conſcientiæ*, for thus bringing forward my abſent friend and inſtructor as a ſort of ſcape goat for my own offences. "Your ladyſhip," ſaid I, "need not be ſurprized that your judgment is ſtranded on this ſand-bank. The ſame has already happened to many a phyſiognomical pilot, even with the plumb-line in his hand, in conſequence of directing his eyes to the text in the book as the light-houſe which ſhould guide him over the ſhoal, whereas 'tis here no more than a meteor. This vignette I conſider as a mere phyſiognomical ſtumbling-block, purpoſely placed in the way to prove the pupil's penetration, and ſharpen it as upon a whetſtone."

"Indeed," returned the lady, ſtill ſomewhat diſcompoſed, "I do not deſire any ſuch whetſtones for ſharpening my wit. I

tell

tell you, Sir, that Lavater has done great injuſtice to his readers, who ſeek for inſtruction, by deceiving and bantering them in this manner." And now ſhe poured forth ſuch a volley of reproaches and execrations againſt the good man, that, through policy, I found myſelf obliged apparently to concur in them, conſoling myſelf with the idea that they could do him no real injury. Conſcience, however, afterwards upbraided me with cowardice, in giving up my friend's back to the laſh to ſave my own. For in fact I had ſpoken againſt my conviction, and only employed this device to turn the anger of the lady, who conceived her phyſiognomical judgment impeached, into another channel than againſt myſelf.

As ſhe could not forbear grumbling and muttering, while the book lay open before her, I thought it better to purſue my obſervations, and ſaid, "'Tis certain that Nick-Fool with his leopard's phyſiognomy has much more the appearance of a Dey of Algiers than of a court-jeſter; but perhaps he belongs to the exceptions which

cannot be brought under the general rule. For, ſince 'tis not impoſſible to find the head of a Regulus in the gallies, or the countenance of a Veſtal in Bridewell, ſo it may be alſo poſſible to find the head of a Dey, or a Beglerbeg, under the fool's-cap: and, *vice verſa*, it may alſo happen that a galley-phyſiognomy may be found amid a venerable ſenate, the phyſiognomy of a brothel amid a convent of chaſte nuns, and the contour that properly belongs to the fool's-cap upon the throne of a Dey. Amid ſo many exceptions, it follows, that it muſt be difficult, even for an experienced phyſiognomiſt, immediately to diſcover the prince, the warrior, the phyſician, the poet, the thinker; 'tis much more likely that he ſhould ſometimes miſtake the knave for the fool, the judge for the thief, and the veſtal for the Cypriad. Yet the truth of the ſcience remains unimpeached."

This expedient ſucceeded better than a glaſs of cryſtal water in ſoftening and recompoſing the ruffled ſpirits of the lady. It was impoſſible, however, for the phyſi-

ognomical lecture to proceed; the book was closed; and the string, which had once vibrated with such discordant tones, touched no more for the remainder of the day. I passed the night in this monastic castle, where all the proper hospitality of the cloister towards knights-errant and pilgrims, was liberally practised; and early the next morning after having saluted the lady of the house, and made my Cimbrian prance and curvet before her window, to do her honour, proceeded on my journey.

The whole day was productive of no adventure. I regaled my mind with the glorious picture of the forest-region around me, and the view of the Bohemian hills bounding the horizon; contemplating with delight, at the same time, the variegated tints of the fading leaves in the foreground, contrasted with the dark hue of the pines that rose behind them. My good Philip, too, had now gotten into his element, and whereas in the plain he had scarcely uttered a syllable, in the forest

he became perfectly eloquent. He made many critical obſervations upon the economy obſerved in the management of the wood; was extremely angry when he found the trees ſtanding too thick; and in ſhort, let all his knowledge, which he had acquired from the Univerſal Œconomical Foreſter's Magazine, ſtream out like water from a caſk full of holes. He thought not that there might be as good reaſons for theſe foreſt anomalies amid the Erz Mountains, as there commonly is for thoſe ſcientific ones, which the critics, who always want to direct every thing their own way, attack with ſuch vehemence, and hew and ſlaſh to pieces with their critical axes, giving the author as little quarter as Philip gave his brother foreſters. Philip's remarks too, in another reſpect, reſembled theirs, ſince they were made equally without effect; for as the author purſues his own way regardleſs of the critic, ſo while my huntſman roved an uninvited critic over the territories of his neighbours, they were quietly flaying a hare,

and

and preparing it for the ſpit, regardleſs alike of their Ariſtarch and his remarks.

As the day began to decline, and the lofty hills already overſhadowed the valleys, I, with my companion, had penetrated deep into the foreſt, where by degrees the path was entirely loſt. It went up-hill and down-hill, in and out, this way and that, ſo that the romantic country, which I had ſought with ſuch eagerneſs, drew me into a labyrinth, whence I ſaw no means of extricating myſelf. In vain did we ſearch for a path; no track appeared that gave the leaſt promiſe of conducting us to a human dwelling. As I wandered on, ſomewhat moody and diſcontented, Philip, on a ſudden, exclaimed, "Sir, ſir, look that way! I think I ſee ſomebody lurking there behind a tree;—pray Heaven there be no robbers in this foreſt!"

"Well thought on," I replied, "this is a place for ſuch ſlippery kind of geniuſes. Hold your powder and ſhot in readineſs; who knows whether we may not have occaſion for them."

On

On this I trotted full ſpeed towards the place whither Philip had pointed, looked all about, and beat every buſh, but not a living ſoul was to be diſcovered. However, I perceived a footpath at a little diſtance, which meandered through the wood, with as many twiſtings and turnings as a ſerpentine walk in an Engliſh garden. This we followed; and ſoon after ſaw a man climbing about the acclivities and declivities, with long and haſty ſtrides, as if wiſhing to get out of ſight as ſoon as poſſible. I ordered Philip to give him chaſe, but the pedeſtrian outſtrode my valet's ſolemn ſpondee-paced nag, till the ſides of the latter were well ſhaken with the ſpur, when he ſet off fleeter than a roe. At the ſame inſtant the Cimbrian, inſpired with a ſpark of his old ambition never to let any horſe get the ſtart of him, ſprung forwards with a velocity ſo far exceeding the utmoſt efforts made by the ſtranger, that he was ſoon overtaken.

"Holla, comrade," cried Philip, "whither will this path lead us?"

STRANGER.

Directly through the wood.

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

I ſee that plainly enough; but to what town or village?

STRANGER.

I know not that;—(laying a particular emphaſis upon the *I.*)

PHILIP.

Fool, how canſt thou be going a way thou doſt not know?

STRANGER.

Fool, how canſt thou be doing the ſame?

PHILIP.

Pſhaw!—I only want to know whither this path goes?

STRANGER.

Forwards.

PHILIP.

Hark-ye, ſirrah! give me a reaſonable anſwer, or—look at this cudgel.

STRANGER.

This is nothing new to me: people are commonly valiant when there's two to one.

"Softly, ſoftly, Philip," ſaid I; "probably the gentleman has loſt his way like ourſelves."

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

Loſt my way! how ſo? Every way is the right to me.

Upon a walk then, I internally obſerved, and proceeded to aſk courteouſly, "Friend, whither mayſt thou be going?"

STRANGER.

Nowhere.

Humph! thought I; if the churl-eater doth not ſnap thee up, he will never eat again. At the ſame time it afforded me ſome conſolation that, unſatisfactory as were his anſwers, they yet ſavoured more of the churl than of the robber. Still he continued walking on ſo briſkly, as if he wanted to draw us into ſome ambuſcade among the mountains, that I knew not what to think. I therefore had recourſe to my phyſiognomical art, before the night cloſed in, ſince I had no deſire to run into the ſame error as Winkelmann, who, according to the teſtimony of our great maſter, was an extraordinary phyſiognomiſt, yet could not diſcern his murderer. For this reaſon I

had

had ſtudied accurately every face that I met upon the road, but had never yet encountered one qualified to act banditti in Emilia Galotti. Neither did the wanderer, whom I now diſſected, appear to be of that claſs; he had as little of the rogue in his countenance as, according to Chodowiecki, uncle Toby had of the genius; and, if he had belonged to any ſet of collecting gentry that inhabited the foreſt, it had been a Regulus's head in a thieves' cave. He had a worthy honeſt countenance, nothing deceitful, crafty, or hypocritical, nothing of the contours of the leopard. The jaw-bone, if it had not been lengthened by meagre living, evinced manly firmneſs, approaching to roughneſs. On the forehead, diſtinguiſhed by Pliny as the ſign hung out to tell what is to be found within, melancholy and miſanthropy were written in very legible characters. For the reſt, the phyſiognomy of his clothes and linen rather ſpoke a man in a creditable ſituation than a vagabond; nor did he appear to carry any offenſive weapon about him, except a ſtout white-

thorn

thorn walking-ſtick, and a knife for cutting his bread and cheeſe.

All this induced me to ſound him farther. "I ſee plainly, ſir," ſaid I, "that we are both going the ſame way, without either knowing whither it leads. Converſation might beguile the way, if not diſagreeable to the gentleman; who, to judge from his countenance, is a prey to ſome ſecret ſorrow. Do I read it rightly?"

STRANGER.

You then underſtand phyſiognomy, ſir?

MYSELF.

I hope ſo,—at leaſt I ſtudy the fragments for the promotion of the knowledge and love of mankind with all poſſible diligence.

STRANGER.

For the promotion of the love of mankind? A follower of Lavater then? Why do you trouble your head with ſuch childiſh nonſenſe? ſuch empty ſound?—where no firm footing can be found, no manly ſtep that leaves an impreſſion behind to mark

mark its courſe. 'Tis very well, conſidered as a toy to excite the attention and wonder of the paſſers-by, but deſtitute of force or energy to bring them to perfection and render them uſeful.

I was not a little ſurpriſed at what I heard. I however proceeded:—"With permiſſion may I aſk, ſir, whether you be only an *amateur* of the ſcience, or a profeſſional man yourſelf?"

STRANGER.

Both. But ſince every blockhead is now ſtamped an *amateur*, as Maſter Menadie is a doctor, the word appears of ſuch equivocal import, that I chooſe rather to call myſelf a profeſſioniſt.

MYSELF.

I underſtand you, ſir, and aſſent to your opinion, that 'tis extremely vexatious to ſee theſe pretenders, who are not of rank to enter the liſts * in the ſcientific world, buckling on their ſwords with a confidence that appears a mockery upon all honour.

* In the times of chivalry no perſon below the rank of a knight could enter the liſts.

Perhaps

Perhaps a ſurgeon, apothecary, printer, or bookſeller.

STRANGER.

Not any of them. If you muſt know the truth, I am a phyſiognomiſt by profeſſion.

Since the ſalt-carrier, who, according to ancient tradition, diſcovered the mines at Fribourg, never did any man within the circle of the Erz Mountains experience a tranſport ſo unexpected as I felt at this information. It was indeed a moſt extraordinary circumſtance, that the man whom I had feared as a robber, nay, in whoſe preſence I ſcarcely thought my head ſafe upon my ſhoulders, ſhould in a moment be transformed into a guild-brother. This was peculiarly grateful to my heart in more than one point of view.—In the firſt place, I have no inclination to be hacked and ſhot at, particularly by a raſcally gang of thieves; ſecondly, a treaſure was thrown in my way among the mountains which I had ſought in vain in more poliſhed corners; and thirdly, I felt a ſecret

ſecret ſatisfaction in reflecting upon the delicate organization of my noſe, which had thus ſmelt out, at ſuch a diſtance, the true phyſiognomical ſoil, as a ſailor, at the diſtance of fifty miles in the open ſea, ſmells out the coaſt that bears odoriferous ſpices. In the firſt effuſion of my tranſport I could not help claſping my hands, and exclaiming, "Heaven be thanked!" and then turning to the pedeſtrian: "Oh, ſir," ſaid I, "how much you have revived me! We are then of the ſame trade."

STRANGER.

Not ſo entirely, as you may perhaps imagine. I am of a very rigid ſect.

MYSELF.

How? do you not acknowledge the Zuricher as your maſter?

STRANGER.

No; I confeſs myſelf indebted to him for having drawn aſide the veil, and afforded me the firſt ray of light. But ſince I am thus enlightened, I now ſee no longer with his eyes, but with my own.

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

And what ſee you with them?

STRANGER.

The very reverſe of what he intended I ſhould ſee.

MYSELF.

For example?

STRANGER.

I ſee a village yonder, at which I ſhall take up my night-quarters. Farewell, ſir.

MYSELF.

Oh, no, no! Let us remain together. You ſhall be, for this night, my gueſt at the inn.

STRANGER.

I never am any man's gueſt.

MYSELF.

And why not?

STRANGER.

Becauſe I have been too often left to pay the reckoning myſelf.

A ſingular man, thought I. But my curioſity was only the more excited.

I was

I was, however, obliged to uſe much perſuaſion, and to give him abundance of civil words, before he could be moved. Yet at length I did ſucceed, and, as night cloſed upon us, we reached the inn, where everything of which the body could ſtand in need, was, as the hoſt aſſured us, to be had in abundance. And here I reſolved to reſt for ſome days the better to ſift my foreſt phyſiognomiſt, in whom, from the preliminary notice I had received, I expected to find a rich treaſure of knowledge and obſervation.

CHAP. IV.

My third reſting place.

Domeſtic Happineſs.

THE fatigues of the preceding day detained me longer than uſual in my bed on the following morning. I do not know that I ever ſlept more ſoundly, excepting as a boy, either at church, or when I had a pſalm or hymn to get by heart. Thoſe were unqueſtionably the ſweeteſt moments of repoſe I ever experienced in my life. The firſt thing I did upon my awaking, was to inquire after my phyſiognomical friend. I looked forward with tranſport to learning, and confuting the principles and opinions of this ſcientific quaker, and was impatient to know the cauſe of his falling off from the pure doctrines as ſet forth in the Fragments. But alas, I only learned to my utter confuſion and aſtoniſhment, that the

the ſlippery rogue had decamped about an hour before, without a word of God b'w'ye to any living ſoul.

No intelligence could be more unſeaſonable, ſince by this means the whole plan of my day's occupation was deranged. Nor did Philip mend the matter, by ſaying that he had no opinion of the raſcal from his firſt appearance, and if he had dared to do what he wiſhed, he'd ſoon have broke him of his ſurly ways, and made him give us a civil anſwer. I however judged quite otherwiſe, eſpecially when I found that a couple of potatoes was all he had eaten for ſupper.—I ſay *found*, ſince, on account of fatigue, I was obliged to abſent myſelf from that meal.

This circumſtance, conſidered in conjunction with the reſt of his behaviour, convinced me that he was one of thoſe men of ſuperior power and energy, who riſing far above the common wants and wiſhes of human nature, can live upon potatoes alone. By the by, let me aſſure the world, that ſince I have found the

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the ſlippery rogue had decamped about an hour before, without a word of God b'w'ye to any living ſoul.

No intelligence could be more unſeaſonable, ſince by this means the whole plan of my day's occupation was deranged. Nor did Philip mend the matter, by ſaying that he had no opinion of the raſcal from his firſt appearance, and if he had dared to do what he wiſhed, he'd ſoon have broke him of his ſurly ways, and made him give us a civil anſwer. I however judged quite otherwiſe, eſpecially when I found that a couple of potatoes was all he had eaten for ſupper.—I ſay *found*, ſince, on account of fatigue, I was obliged to abſent myſelf from that meal.

This circumſtance, conſidered in conjunction with the reſt of his behaviour, convinced me that he was one of thoſe men of ſuperior power and energy, who riſing far above the common wants and wiſhes of human nature, can live upon potatoes alone. By the by, let me aſſure the world, that ſince I have found the

ſpiritual nature of this root, I have entirely deſiſted from giving it to my cattle. It ſeemed to me a flagrant miſuſe of ſo valuable a production of the earth, to ſuffer it to be buried in the groſs maw of an ox, where nothing but the oily and earthy ſubſtance could come into action, and that for the baſe purpoſes of being converted into fleſh and fat, while the refined and ætherial particles were left to evaporate without uſe or effect. Whereas ſuppoſing thoſe particles to be vivified by the genial warmth of the human ventricle, and thence to aſcend in light vapour to the loftier regions of the brain, who can ſay to what valuable diſcoveries and improvements in ſcience they might not lead?

While I was following this train of reflection ſuggeſted by the ſudden diſappearance of my foreſt-brother, I was ſtartled from my reverie by a violent noiſe in the houſe. On inquiry I found that it was occaſioned by my hoſt and hoſteſs, who had engaged in a formidable combat with emphatic words, and more emphatic fiſts, which was carried on with ſuch equal

vigour

vigour and energy on both ſides, that victory had not yet begun to declare in favour of either combatant. Philip, however, ſeeing that this mighty goddeſs was no way inclined to decide the matter, thought he might as well interfere, ſo thruſting one of the parties one way and the other in a direction exactly oppoſite, left the deciſion no longer in her power. This was not done without many expreſſions of diſſatisfaction on the part of ſome twenty or thirty boys, who had formed a ring for the better accommodation of the duelliſts, whoſe pugiliſtic achievements ſeemed to afford them no leſs pleaſure, than the venerable Roman ſenate were wont to receive from the bloody noſes and broken limbs of their gladiators, or the grandees of Spain ſtill experience at a bull-fight. Any farther feats of arms were now ſtopped, but ſparks of electric fire were ſtill emitted with uninterrupted vehemence on both ſides, till the parties were conveyed to the length of the kitchen from each other, when both ſeemed ſomewhat ſoftened, and entered upon a reci-

procal exchange of obſervations with the utmoſt coolneſs and compoſure, as if nothing amiſs had happened. But this interval of calm was no more than an electric pauſe; for the hoſteſs, watching her opportunity, made her eſcape into the yard, and there gave full vent to the overflowing of her heart, by a volley of oaths and curſes, in which ſhe had the advantage of playing a ſolo, ſince there was nobody preſent who attempted to contradict her, or to interrupt her volubility, Philip having placed himſelf in the door-way to keep watch that the hoſt might not make his eſcape alſo.

I aftewards learned that ſcenes like theſe were not unuſual between this wedded pair. This greatly excited my ſurpriſe, ſince I could by no means diſcover any heterogeneity in the contours or features of their faces, they rather harmonized well together with reſpect to the ſolid and muſcular parts of the countenance, though frequent ſallies of paſſion had ſomewhat diſtorted them. I moreover obſerved about the mouth of my hoſt ſome lines which bore a ſtrong

a ſtrong reſemblance to the like part in king Priam's phyſiognomy. This induced me to take him aſide and enquire into the cauſe of his wedded unhappineſs. "Sir," ſaid he, "you'll agree with me that every man who wiſhes things to go on in a regular and orderly way muſt be maſter in his own houſe, and that I always will be. My wife however won't always ſubmit, and that brings us ſometimes to high words and blows."

"This is by no means an uncommon caſe," I replied, "particularly in mountainous countries where the women are apt to run wild. I can mention as an example, the town of Blankenburg, amid the mountains of Hartz, where, in former times,—whether it be ſo ſtill I know not,—the women had gotten the power ſo entirely into their own hands, that they took upon themſelves to ſcold, ſtrike, and even handcuff their huſbands, ſo that the magiſtracy were at length obliged to interfere. This the archives of the town ſufficiently ſhew, ſince they contain a clauſe by which it was decreed, that any huſband

who ſhould be convicted of having been ſtruck by his wife, without, as in duty bound, making uſe of the proper mode of correction, ſhould not only be puniſhed in his own perſon, but his houſe ſhould alſo be unrooſed. And now tell me, friend, in what reſpect is your wife diſobedient?"

"Principally as to the ſervants. I am not forſooth to be allowed the power of hiring a briſk, lively girl, who would be civil and obliging to my gueſts, but muſt tamely ſit by and ſee her introduce an ugly ſkeleton of a maid who'd frighten away everybody that ſhe came near. 'Twould be all over with me in a year if I ſhould let her ſet foot over my threſhold."

From this I perceived that the difference between my hoſt and his wife had a phyſiognomical origin. On this occaſion a paſſage in the Fragments occurred to me, which if I am not miſtaken runs thus. "What maſter would hire a ſervant, what miſtreſs would hire a maid, without previouſly examining the form and contours

of

of the countenance?" Yes, yes, the face is taken more into the account in hiring a ſervant than perhaps is commonly ſuppoſed. He who underſtands the full force of this kind of phyſiognomizing will have a key to the ſecret diſcontents of many a wedded pair. Were it in all places, as the philanthropic Lavater propoſes, that the choice of the female domeſtics ſhould be left to the lady wife, probably the houſes would be furniſhed as the hoſteſs would have furniſhed hers, with ugly and diſtorted phyſiognomies. But if huſbands aſſert their right to the ſuperintendance of this part of the domeſtic economy, the odds are ten to one that they chooſe like the maſter of the Wild-Man inn, in the Erz Mountains. I would therefore counſel all perſons, when they are minded to marry, to regulate this matter beforehand, by an article in the ſettlement, ſo that the wife ſhall have the ſole direction of the female part of the domeſtics, and the huſband of thoſe of the other ſex. Or, if they cannot agree upon this, ſtill, that the matter may be arranged

for the better prevention of matrimonial diſcord, let the regulation of the female domeſtics be awarded to the huſband, while the wife, after her ideas of phyſiognomy, ſhall chooſe the men. This I imagine to be the courſe now purſued among people of rank in the country, and, among all degrees of people in large towns, where they do not like to come to ſuch extremities as in the Erz Mountains, ſince this would be to make themſelves general goſſip for all their neighbours.

From theſe premiſes the following concluſions may be drawn; firſt, that when we ſee all the female domeſtics in a houſe, ſmart, lively, active girls; and, on the contrary, the men conſiſting of dwarfs, cripples, and hoary veterans, we may fairly conclude that the government is ſolely in the hands of the huſband. But if we find this matter reverſed, then 'tis as clear that *madam* governs and *ſir* obeys, as appears to be the caſe with my worthy friend the high-bailiff of Minneſingen. In the ſecond place, where the phyſiognomy of the domeſtics does

does not ſeem to have been at all regarded, this leaves a ſtrong preſumption that the *mutuum adjutorium* ſatisfies both parties. Such wedded pairs commonly carry about the eyes, and root of the noſe, the diſtinguiſhing line of ever-during coldneſs and indifference, like the virgin of a hundred years old in the Fragments. With regard to the ordering of houſhold affairs, ſuch an union is perfectly anarchical, though in principle only a *quaſi conjugium*. In the third place, where all the domeſtics of both ſexes, from the French governeſs to the chambermaid, and from the tutor to the groom, diſplay a happy and advantageous phyſiognomy, there we may ſuppoſe the government to be equally divided, and each party to enjoy the proper rights and privileges of their reſpective provinces. Between ſuch a pair jealouſy is an unknown gueſt, and it may with truth be ſaid that they enjoy the bliſs of angels. In the laſt place, where we obſerve conceited pragmatical domeſtics of both ſexes, here we may be aſſured that the govern-

ment is again divided but in a different way. They follow my plan:—one ſword holds the other in the ſcabbard; the huſband ſelects the females, and the choice of the men is left to the wife.

CHAP. V.

Upon the awakening of the phyſiognomical ſenſe.

I HAD juſt ordered the nags to be ſaddled againſt I had dined, when I beheld my phyſiognomical pilgrim with his white-thorn ſtick once more entering the houſe. He had only been taki g his accuſtomed morning's walk of ten miles, for the ſake of his health. In a tranſport of joy at recovering my ſuppoſed fugitive, I immediately deſired my hoſt to prepare the beſt dinner his houſe could poſſibly furniſh, and at the ſame time countermanded my order for marching. My gueſt did not prove wholly and ſolely a potatoe-eater. He played his part tolerably well at every diſh that came to table, although there was not one but what taſted, in a degree, of my

hoſteſs's morning adventure. Our meal paſſed in as perfect ſilence as if it had been in the grave, for every attempt on my part to looſen the tongue of my ſtranger was ineffectual. I ſaw that he was a humouriſt, ſo left him alone, and only reſolved to purſue my phyſiognomical obſervations, either to confirm, or to overturn, the opinion I had already formed of the ſign he hung out.

This fit of ſilence continued till towards evening when as we were ſitting together under a lime-tree before the houſe, an old man rode up, and ſtopping at the door called for a mug of beer, which having drank he proceeded on his way.

"That muſt have been," ſaid I, "a collector of exciſe, or hackney rider, or ſomething of the like kind,—one who deals in cyphers, and money—who orders, claſſes, and arranges everything to bring it to a proper account. A true multiplication-table phyſiognomy, but honeſt, and would on no conſideration embezzle a ſingle ſhilling entruſted to him."

"A true

"A true executioner's phyſiognomy," interrupted my companion, "that haggard triangular countenance, thoſe little, pitchy black eyes, that raven's noſe which almoſt forms a pair of nut-crackers with his chin, and that yellow peruke with the greaſy bag to it, are all Gellert's executioner to the life."

"Indeed," ſaid I, "this aſſimilation had not occured to me. But you would not think it a neceſſary conſequence that this equeſtrian muſt be an executioner, becauſe he happens to reſemble a man who was once in that ſtation."

STRANGER.

It concerns me little whether ſuch be his employment or not. If he be anything elſe, he does not ſtand in his right place in the world, as is the caſe with moſt men. But the impreſſion of the executioner is nevertheleſs very plainly ſtamped on his countenance.

MYSELF.

Perhaps you do not take the word in its uſual acceptation.

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

I underſtand by it neither more nor leſs than a man who is ready, for the price of five florins, to diſpatch another man out of the world in any manner required. Whether his dexterity be greateſt with the axe or the halter, or which trade he uſually drives I don't pretend to decide; 'tis enough that I read executioner in his face.

MYSELF.

Here then is a variation, for I read his countenance entirely otherwiſe.

STRANGER.

You read it after the Lavaterian faſhion conſequently cannot fail to read it falſely.

MYSELF.

How ſo?

STRANGER.

From very natural cauſes. You build upon a falſe foundation, rely on that arch-boaſter, the immediate impulſe, and make him the regulator of your phyſiognomical judgment, as if he were not always the echo of the heart. Lavater has laid the foundation for periſhability in his art, even at

at its birth, by truſting ſo noble a germ to ſuch a diſeaſed mother as his ſenſibility or internal impulſe as he calls it. He is like an ardent lover who fixes his affections with eager precipitation upon ſome object that ſuddenly attracts him, without conſidering whether ſhe be likely to become the mother of a healthy and vigorous poſterity, or only to produce a frail offspring that ſhall ſcarcely ſurvive one revolving ſun. Inſtead of calling up underſtanding and tried experience to aſſiſt at the birth of his phyſiognomical art, he choſe to ſummon the feelings of that heart which ſo often has deceived, and which ever will deceive him. After a formula ſo deceptive, all his rules, obſervations, and deciſions are modelled, and thus are rounded exactly alike in the ſame manner as grains of corn. They contain, 'tis true, the ſum of all his feelings upon phyſiognomical ſubjects, and thus in four thick quartos we have ſufficient documents to decide with tolerable preciſion upon the perſonal character of the author; but he muſt be ingenious indeed who could extract fair evidence by which

to

to judge any other man. All his pupils, therefore, can only follow him like ſervants along the path of his feelings. If he calls to them, who ſees not?—the ellipſis is to be ſupplied by an explanatory note running thus:—"If he ſees with my eyes, let him alſo feel with me."

MYSELF.

And it muſt be ſo. All who have a ſound phyſiognomical ſight muſt ſee the ſame things in the ſame manner. Nor does the great Father of the art make his feelings alone the ſtandard; he ſubmits the examination of his claims to the united judgment of the whole brotherhood. He only propoſes the queſtion, but leaves the deciſion to a ſenate, compoſed of all the phyſiognomiſts beneath the moon.

STRANGER.

Who, for the moſt part, give a very different judgment from himſelf, only their judgments do not ſee daylight, ſince not every one has ſufficient perſeverance to print four large volumes for their circulation. But he who is conducted by the hand

hand of experience, and meaſures mankind by the ſtandard of reaſon, cannot poſſibly accord in ſentiment with one who uſes no other ſcale of meaſurement than the mere glance of his eye. Could any rational mind agree with Lavater, when the kind-hearted man aſſures us that no perſon in the world need be afraid of his phyſiono-mical deciſions? What is this but to ſay that he will judge everybody through the love he bears to human nature, not by the ſtrict laws that truth requires. That he will overlook ſcars and blemiſhes, bring forward every favourable feature, and, as much as poſſible, hold up all men alike as objects of the approbation of their fellow-creatures.

MYSELF.

You are certainly ſo far right, that the Lavaterian ſyſtem is founded more upon viewing the good, than the bad ſide of things; indeed, it muſt be ſo, ſince the very object to which the whole tends, is the promotion of the knowledge and love of mankind.

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

That is the very πρωτον ψευδος of the Lavaterians;—the maſk with which goodneſs of heart deceives the underſtanding. Phyſiognomy and philanthropy! What a gulph lies between them, over which no Lavater can build a bridge; neither can they be hammered together like two bars of iron. 'Tis mere ſelf-partiality in your ſcience, that it would reduce every thing to the love of mankind.

MYSELF.

And what are your views in the ſtudy, if not to promote the love of mankind?

STRANGER.

To know mankind; and thence to hate them.

MYSELF.

Heaven defend me from purſuing a ſtudy which were almoſt as pernicious as the black art, could it teach me nothing but to hate my neighbour.

STRANGER.

The art is not reſponſible, if man be deſerving only of hatred. She merely paints them

them in their natural form. She is a touchſtone which as plainly ſhows the deceitful compoſition of baſe metal, as the purity of genuine ſilver.

MYSELF.

I am inclined, however, to think that we do not apply this touchſtone in the ſame manner. If you make no ſecret of it, I ſhould be glad to know your mode of application.

STRANGER.

I will diſcloſe it willingly. The diſciples of feeling only move the ſurface of the maſs with a gentle hand, and everywhere find ſilver; for they judge merely by the firſt glance. The true phyſiognomiſt goes deeper; pierces through the deceitful maſk on the outſide, and brings the inward contents to the proof. Then only can he determine what quantity of genuine ore he poſſeſſes; conſequently is then only qualified to expoſe his merchandiſe to ſale.

MYSELF.

My good ſir, we loſe ourſelves in tropes and figures. I allow them, indeed, to be my

my element, but now I am afraid they may only confound, when I want to be inſtructed. Tell me, without metaphor or flouriſh, all that you mean to aſſert under the figure of the touchſtone.

STRANGER.

I aſſert that phyſiognomiſts who reſt the exerciſe of their ſcience upon the firſt impulſe, will always be liable to form a falſe, vague, or, at leaſt, partial judgment, ſince their opinion will ever be guided by the characteriſtic of their own hearts. People of good character always diſcover, at firſt ſight, a ſimilar expreſſion of worth in every countenance they meet.—People of enthuſiaſm always find ſomething ſentimental, bordering on enthuſiaſm like their own. This is preciſely the caſe with your Apoſtle. He, a viſionary, an idealiſt himſelf, viſionizes and idealizes every feature in another. He, a man of talents himſelf, full of power and activity, actuated by the warmeſt effuſions of philanthropy, imparts his own endowments liberally to others, unleſs the ſtamp of folly, ſtupidity, or wickedneſs be too palpably

pably impreſſed on the countenance to admit of palliation.

MYSELF.

Now, then, I fully comprehend how Winkelmann, who was one of the firſt of phyſiognomiſts, nevertheleſs could not detect his murderer; and why the deceaſed Paul Beck, of bleſſed memory, who was no leſs a phyſiognomiſt than Winkelmann, could not tear the deceitful maſk of friendſhip from the countenance of the blackeſt falſehood and treachery. The one had too much Archæologia, the other too much *Bonhommie* in his mind, therefore the former aſcribed the penetrating glances of the murderer, as he offered his curioſities to ſale, to the mere paſſion of the gem-collector, and the latter imputed the Judas-looks of his diſciple to the ebullitions of honeſty and fidelity. Thus the life of the one, and the fortune and happineſs of the other, fell a ſacrifice to their erroneous judgments.—But pray proceed, ſir.

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

What ſignifies it that I can diſcover in a countenance, power, energy, activity, or a deſtination to become the leader of thouſands, when I cannot tell how theſe gifts are to be employed?—Whether the poſſeſſor be the deſtined friend and benefactor of mankind, or their tyrant and oppreſſor? whether he be to kindle among his fellow-creatures the flame of deſolation, like Pugatſchew, or to illumine them with the ſacred light of knowledge and wiſdom, like Leibnitz? 'Tis the power of diſcerning between theſe alone that is of any real value, all elſe is empty vapour, mere moonſhine. If I ſeek a wife, what does it ſignify that I can diſcern a ſoft feminine countenance, mild as a roll ſoaked in milk, or one full of taſte, imagination, and poetical fancy, when I cannot decide whether this imagination will be directed to the encouragement of Platonic gallantry, or to the cultivation of ſentimental conſtancy?—whether her taſte will be diſplayed in vain and idle decorations, or in elegant ſimplicity, and domeſtic regularity?—whether

her

her poetical fancy will be turned to the indulgence of viſions and caprices, or burſt forth in the warmeſt tranſports of conjugal affection?—whether the ſoft milky countenance indicates folly and affectation, or ſimple artleſs cheerfulneſs?—whether the feminality conſiſts of a reſtleſs thirſt of rule, of obſtinacy and ſelf-conceit, or of a prudent condeſcenſion and humility, of the art of winning and keeping a man's heart? What is it the character of the countenance tells, when I cannot diſtinguiſh by it between a Lais, a Julia, a Cleopatra, or a Meſſalina, and a Lucretia, an Aſpaſia, an Arria, and a Zenobia? The Lavaterian method of taking the firſt impulſe as the point to direct our judgment, is like breaking the thread in the middle of the ſkein, inſtead of beginning at the right end, ſo as to unwind and diſentangle every part of the human character. Even the individual feeling from which your maſter derives his phyſiognomical judgment, diſplays under the appearance of wealth and ſuperfluity, inward barrenneſs and want. Tender nerves are affected by things in a very different

different way from ſtrong ones, and what would to the former be diſagreeable, and occaſion painful feelings, to the latter, which are able to endure a more powerful degree of irritation, would communicate ſenſations of delight. One would be agitated even to fainting, by what proves a balſamic cordial to the other. Thence comes it that in general perſons of extreme ſenſibility evince leſs diſcrimination, and are more uniform in their judgment, than thoſe endued with ſtronger nerves, ſince they are actuated upon ſo eaſily either by the agreeable or diſagreeable; and upon this principle I am confident that I can reduce Lavater's whole Synonymical Theſaurus into five or ſix formulæ to which every phyſiognomical deciſion he ever has pronounced, or ever will pronounce, may be referred. If the Fragments were at hand, I could count you out formulæ by the ſcores which, after all, tell neither more nor leſs than that this is a head which promiſes talent and energy, and this a good and affectionate heart.

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

"My friend, if this be the firſt part of your ſermon, I have had enough, and perfectly underſtand how you apply your touchſtone to the Lavaterian ſchool. Now proceed to the ſecond head, and teach me your method of phyſiognomiſing.—But, methinks, the fumes of the roaſted larks are already wafted from the kitchen hither; perhaps, therefore, it may as well be deferred till to-morrow, if you are diſpoſed to ſtay here longer; if not, I would prefer the food you have in ſtore, even to the larks."—My companion not being inclined either to reject the larks, or my invitation to prolong his ſtay, we repaired to our ſupper; and ſeparated, after appointing the time and place for our ſecond phyſiognomical diſcuſſion.

I revolved this converſation in my mind over and over again, and found that my whole theory was put into a fermentation, the ſyſtem was diſcompoſed, and the principles lay higgledy-piggledy

in my head, like the ſeveral articles in the Wirtemberg catechiſm. I dared not even venture that evening to phyſiognomize a dog who had introduced himſelf to my acquaintance, and who now, when I would have turned him out of the room, ſlily endeavoured to ſnap at me. At another time my penetrating ſpirit had doubtleſs detected this piece of ſilent malice in the animal's countenance.

On the morrow my companion renewed his predication in the following manner:

STRANGER.

He who would underſtand the characters of individuals muſt firſt carefully examine human nature; muſt know what man is, and what may be expected of him. To attempt to read the moral character merely from the features of the face is mere fancy, or worſe, temerity. The countenance, doubtleſs, furniſhes its contingent towards developing the character: but a part cannot be the whole. Phyſiognomy reſts not upon the knowledge of one, but upon that of two principles—

the

the features and the actions. These are the two arms that can alone embrace the whole man: a single one is insufficient for the purpose: it may grasp, but it cannot encircle him.

MYSELF.

This appears somewhat of a paradox. I presume that if I could once get at the actions of a man, that arm were quite sufficient to encircle him. But 'tis because we cannot always arrive at the knowledge of his actions that physiognomy is so valuable.

STRANGER.

You are of opinion, then, that nothing is so easy as to form an accurate judgment of the character by the actions? that you can always hit the right point of view in which actions are to be considered, and are not liable to contemplate them, as well as the features of the face, with a perverted judgment? Alas! not even by those actions that are palpably criminal, can a character be judged with indisputable precision: and how few are the positively criminal actions of mankind to

thoſe that are merely equivocal? Perhaps among a thouſand, ſcarcely one is an abſolutely deciſive feature of the character. Since every thing has its phyſiognomy,—as well the heavens when they foretel the variations in the weather, as an apple, a pear, or a bunch of grapes, when they make the mouth water; ſo it is alſo with every action performed by man. Theſe taken ſingly are as deceptive as the mere phyſiognomy of the features, but both together conſtitute the firmeſt foundation that can be procured for a phyſiognomical deciſion, and by theſe the moſt difficult problems in the human underſtanding may immediately be ſolved, with ſafety and certainty.

MYSELF.

But, according to my ideas, 'tis no more than the phyſignomical art, *a poſteriori*, to diſcover the features of a thief in one who has already been convicted of picking-pockets, or thoſe of an artiſt, in one who has long been known to practiſe ſome art. Beſides, this is by no means a new idea,

'tis

'tis one which Lavater himſelf has ſometimes purſued.

STRANGER.

I know he has often purſued it; nor could he do otherwiſe, ſince 'tis the only natural and approved one, and what has been current at all times, though not hitherto put into *formam artis*. He compares the features with the actions, in order to eſtabliſh the ſignificance of the one by the other; yet he never ſeems aware that his deciſions flow from this compariſon, but his lively imagination leads him to ſuppoſe that he reads every thing in the features, as if he had never known the actions. This is to unlock the door without the key. I, on the contrary, confeſs my uncertainty, and that I cannot pretend to judge of the actions without the features, or of the features without the actions.

MYSELF.

Your theory, I grant, does not ſeem inapplicable to the purpoſes of common life, though I cannot wholly aſſent to it. But may I aſk, whether you have coined this

phyſiognomical mite yourſelf, or received it in alms as a travelling mechanic?

STRANGER.

Be it a mite or a medal, 'tis indifferent to me, it bears the impreſs of the phyſiognomical ſenſe. Since this has been awakened in me, I have applied to the ſtudy of mankind, not as the amuſement of a leiſure hour, but as the great buſineſs of my life. I have myſelf inveſtigated man's nature; have reflected upon it; proved it. I have taken nothing upon truſt, but made my own obſervations upon every thing. The reſult of my labours is, that I ſee little of what Lavater ſees, much that he does not ſee. But all that he foreſees, and announces in his Fragments, as if he were a prophet of the Lord, I am clear will come to paſs, when this ſame phyſiognomical ſenſe ſhall be more generally awakened among mankind.

MYSELF.

How runs this prophecy? I have the Fragments ſo entirely at my fingers' ends, that I would lay a conſiderable wager, if they

they ſhould be loſt, I could reſtore the whole work from my memory, like Picus, or Mirandola, or that other prodigy of memory, who undertook to do the ſame by the Holy Bible; yet have I no idea to what you allude.

STRANGER.

I will help you out. 'Let the phyſiognomical ſenſe be once fully awakened in the world, and all chambers, conſiſtories, convents and churches, full of tyranny, diſſimulation, avarice, gluttony, and knavery, will be branded at the ſame moment. Fallen at once, like a withered leaf, will be all the reverence, awe, and eſteem with which theſe people were regarded; and mankind will ſoon learn that 'tis little better than blaſphemy to hold up ſuch contemptible wretches to the admiration of the world, as ſaints, friends of mankind, and religious inſtructors, and as the only true pillars of the church and ſtate.

MYSELF.

Yes, yes, I recollect the paſſage now. But the queſtion here is, of the phyſiognomy of crimes.

STRANGER.

Which is the phyſiognomy of men; at leaſt as far as I have been able to diſcover ſince I have been in the habit of conſidering the features and actions of men, and comparing them with each other. Judge now, therefore, whether the ſcience is moſt likely to promote the love or the hatred of mankind.

MYSELF.

Are you an author, ſir?

STRANGER.

No;—why ſuppoſe me ſo?

MYSEFLF.

I ſuſpected you might have written the moſt probable hiſtory under the ſun, or the romance of Belphegor; but I rejoice to hear that you have not ſuch a burthen upon your conſcience. Your deductions, however, from the phyſiognomical ſenſe are extremely conſonant with the principles and opinions of the needy theoriſt who produced that work. He dwells entirely on the hateful nature of man, as you

you upon the hateful features of his countenance and heart.

STRANGER.

Is it my fault if good diſpoſitions are as rare as a beautiful noſe, ſo that not one countenance has ever fallen under my obſervation on which I could reſt with pleaſure.

MYSELF.

That is ſaying a great deal indeed; and a great compliment to me *en paſſant*.

STRANGER.

I meant nothing by it. To ſay the truth, I had not taken the leaſt notice of your countenance; for my principles forbid me, unleſs in very particular caſes, to form a haſty judgment. But the countenance of your ſervant whom I ſaw with you in the foreſt, and who would have enrolled me in the regiment of way-poſts, I read at the firſt glance.

MYSELF.

He then comes under the head of particular caſes. But what may be your judgment?

STRANGER.

Every feature of his face bears an emphatic ſtamp of plebeian phyſiognomy: all the roughneſs, inſolence, and vulgarity of that claſs of people. Every thing about him bears the tint, or, if you pleaſe, harmonizes with the character of the clown; and ſince the actions ſerve here as a commentary upon the features, I have no difficulty in pronouncing ſentence upon him at once. Meanwhile, I have nothing to ſay againſt the fellow's being a good ſhot, or a faithful ſervant; all that I will not deny him; but while he was ſhewing ſo little reſpect to *me*, I could not be much miſtaken in *him*.

MYSELF.

Then my phyſiognomy is wholly illegible to you?

STRANGER.

To me it is at preſent. But would you know how Lavater would read it? I can tell you that.

MYSELF.

Well, then?

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

Dignity and energy is not to be found in this countenance: 'tis the plain, honeſt, downright citizen, who will neither raiſe up nor pull down anything.

MYSELF.

Humph!—ſo! ſo!—well! This evening, then, we make holiday.

STRANGER.

And to-morrow take our leave of each other.

The rough open-heartedneſs of my companion, though it ſtruck, did not offend me; for, according to the preſent courſe of the world, a rough outſide is often pregnant with genius; and of this I thought I had evidently diſcovered ſparks during our converſation. I had, moreover, neither inveſtigated his perſon nor his mind ſo accurately as I wiſhed; and I therefore replied,—"Not ſo, ſir; we have yet many ſubjects upon which to confer before we ſeparate. You muſt inſtruct me, by the experience

you have had, how the ſtudy of phyſiognomy engenders hatred of mankind?

STRANGER.

The proof of this is interwoven with my *curriculum vitæ*; and here I cannot ſtay longer.

MYSELF.

Then, with permiſſion, I will accompany you a day's journey.

He was ſilent.

CHAP. VI.

My fourth ſetting out.

Biography.

So ſaid, ſo done. Early the next morning we left our quarters; the phyſiognomical pedeſtrian with his white-thorn ſtick as the van, myſelf mounted on my Cimbrian as the centre, and Philip on his Spondee as the rear. At our ſetting out I felt wholly unconcerned whither our leader might conduct us, though I had ſoon cauſe to wiſh that he had been inſpired with a little regard for our eaſe and ſafety, even if he felt none for his own.

Scarcely had we left the inn a hundred yards behind us, when he ſuddenly turned aſide from the beaten path, and led us ſuch a chace that I can ſcarcely, even to this moment, imagine how we eſcaped without breaking our necks. Now he leaped ditches,

ditches, then crept through hedges, then climbed upon all-fours up ſteep and rugged precipices, till our nags began to pant and ſnort, and were all over in a froth. All this paſſed in perfect ſilence, for I perceived that my companion was ſubject to fits of ſpleen early in the morning, which did not diſperſe till the air was cleared of its vapours and had acquired its complete elaſticity. He however perſevered in this eccentric courſe, till at length I felt ſtrong ſuſpicions that he was only playing monkey-tricks, and wanted to amuſe himſelf at my expence.

"Sir!" I therefore exclaimed, as he began to climb another rock, "if this Chamois chace is to continue any longer, the Lord above may be your companion:—I take my leave."

The ſound of a human voice rouſed the philoſopher, who had been hitherto wholly abſorbed in his own meditations, and he ſtarted like the night-walker when awakened from ſleep in the courſe of his peregrinations over the roof of ſome houſe. He ſlid down the hill in a moment, and began

to

to make a thouſand excuſes for his abſtraction, which had made him entirely forget that he was in company. He was much in the habit of botanizing, he ſaid; had botanized the whole way from the very heart of Swabia into the Erz Mountains, and hoped to continue his progreſs to Carlſbad, which was the deſtined end of his journey. Yet would he deſiſt from his ſearch after the twelve hundred graſſes of Linnæus till we ſhould ſeparate—and that would be on his ſide, when he found my company grow irkſome.

"Have you any thing to urge againſt me," I aſked, "that you expect my company to become irkſome?"

"Nothing at preſent," he replied; "but I am of opinion with the philoſopher of the Tun—I cannot endure even the ſhadow of a man who ſteps in my way when I want to enjoy the ſunſhine, but muſt ſeek another place where I can baſk without interruption: or, in other words, when I am tired of a man's company, I always get rid of it as ſoon as poſſible; and my legs

are

are never at a loſs to furniſh me with the means."

"You ſeem a very great humouriſt," I replied:—"But with ſuch ſentiments as you cheriſh, I fear we can never remain long together. You fly mankind from miſanthropy, while I ſeek ſociety that I may love my ſpecies. Yet the philoſopher in the Tun, whom even the ſhadow of a man incommoded, and he who ſought men with a lantern, was one and the ſame Diogenes, only at different times. Even ſo may it happen that our principles and opinions may unite again."

"Scarcely," he replied; "our ideas of mankind are far too wide aſunder ever to meet. When in the compaſs of the knowledge of mankind, the needle reſts at love, what is to be underſtood by it, or how are we to diſcern whither to ſteer by ſuch a direction? You look into this compaſs like a paſſenger, only for amuſement upon the voyage; but I like an experienced pilot who takes it as his guide through the ſtormy ſea—conſequently we view the matter in a very different light."

"The

"The plain interpretation of which," ſaid I, "is, that you think the whole exterior of a man, as well his corporeal form as his public actions, preſents a totally different appearance to common minds from what it does to the deep obſerver, and muſt be judged by the latter according to the *regula falſi*. You refer to experience, which, you ſay, juſtifies your theory. Of that I am not at preſent a judge. But on this I will inſiſt, that how little ſoever mankind in reality have any claim to canoniſation, in one reſpect, at leaſt, they all act like the pious Biſhop of Angelepolis. When he would have received the Viceroy of Mexico in proper form, but was reminded by his valet that he had lately diſpoſed of his former holiday robes, and had not yet purchaſed others, he turned the dirty ſide of his pontificals inwards, and thus with a fair exterior, at leaſt, waited his expected viſitor's arrival: And this is the caſe with us all. When we would make a gala ſhew, we carefully turn the dirty ſide inwards, and plaiſter and varniſh over our failings, as ladies waſh over a bad com-

complexion. And if all our merit were compreſſed together, like the robes of magiſtracy of a certain poor ſtate, ſo that nothing remained but one velvet cloak faced with ermine, yet of this we ſhould avail ourſelves to make a ſhew as we ſtood at the window, taking care not to let a fold be miſplaced that might betray the poverty underneath. But though this ſpecies of hypocriſy, the wiſhing to appear better than we are, be a weakneſs common to us all, from the pious biſhop to the greateſt rogue that ends his life at the gallows, I do not hold mankind therefore deſerving of hatred. This maſk is often worn with perfect innocence; and, beſides, ſince we are all in a like condemnation, that we endeavour, like lovers, to deceive by hanging our beſt ſide outwards, 'tis but juſt that, like wedded people, we ſhould exchange pardons with each other for the fault. But I ſee plainly we ſhall never come to an adjuſtment of our difference till you have favoured me with the detail of your experience. If, therefore, it be not contrary to your humour, and if your lungs can hold out

out to talk and walk at the ſame time, might I ſolicit the particulars of your fate? or, if more agreeable, will you mount the Spondee? Be aſſured you will find in me an attentive auditor."

The botaniſer was ſilent for a while, then bent himſelf to the ground, and in the very face of our contract began to gather plants, which he faſtened into his hat. But as I took no notice of it, he ſuddenly ſprung up again, and without any preface began as follows:

"I am by deſcent a Swabian. I ſhall not trouble you with my pedigree, though it might perhaps be more intereſting than any of thoſe ſold by the bookſellers at Chodowiecki's recommendation. My father, whom, however, I cannot paſs over, was an honeſt and upright man. In him there was nothing diſtorted, nothing crooked, nothing inharmonious either in body or ſoul. He was deſtined originally to be a country clergyman, and was to have had a ſmall living. But this he failed of obtaining; becauſe it unfortunately happened that in the very heat of the Apocalyptal dog-

dog-days he adhered to the Wolffian ſyſtem; though leſs from having fully proved and examined it, than from a natural propenſity to optimiſm. To this worthy man all things were good and right as he found them, for he had a gift of almoſt childiſhly rejoicing at every event that happened—"

"Pardon me an idea," interrupted I,—"If your deceaſed father was a Wolffian philoſopher, and withal a pious Chriſtian, I would gladly know how the great theoriſt of kiſſes who not long ago ſo confidently aſſerted, that even in a dark chamber he could immediately diſtinguiſh between the holy Chriſtian kiſs of love and the kiſs of the Wolffian philoſophy, would have judged your father's kiſs. I am afraid that would have wrecked his whole theory. —But I muſt again beg pardon for this interruption. Pray proceed, Sir."

"Imperceptibly," he continued, "did I, as a boy, imbibe my father's opinions, as ſponge imbibes water. The leaſt impreſſion produced a flow of benevolent ſentiments. Thus did I make my entrance into

into the world with the fulleſt confidence in mankind, and totally diſbelieving in the exiſtence of that long and heavy catalogue of crimes with which human nature ſtands charged. I did not believe any one capable of fraud, aſſaſſination, oppreſſion, except the few wretched victims, publicly offered up on the altar of juſtice, either by ſcourging, branding, or hanging. I was, beſides, a zealous royaliſt, and always in my heart took the ſide of the governing againſt the governed, in the firm conviction that the burdens which the ſtronger laid upon the weaker were as eſſential to the conſolidation of the public weal and ſafety, as the laying one row of ſtones upon another to making the wall firm and ſteady. That as little cauſe as the foundation ſtone had to complain that it was not upon the pinnacle, or the cube that it was not made into the ball of the pillar, even ſo little reaſon had the lower ranks of mankind to murmur at ſerving as a foundation ſtone to the higher, and bearing upon their backs the whole preſſure of their *vis inertiæ*.

" If

"If, for the public good, the countryman was plundered of his cattle, or his children were forced away for the ſervice of the ſtate, I pitied indeed the lot of the individual, but the practice nevertheleſs appeared to me juſtifiable on the ground of general utility, and therefore reſolvable into the pureſt patriotiſm. Alas! at that time I had not penerated ſo deeply into the inward conſtruction of the ſtate machine as to be acquainted with its whole mechaniſm. I was ignorant of the ſecret ſprings of ſelfiſhneſs, avarice, ambition, and treachery, by which mankind are guided—I gave all men credit according to their birth and rank, for the pureſt views even in thoſe actions that appeared the moſt dubious—I doubted not that the foundation was firm and good, and that what appeared to the world deceit and wickedneſs, might be explained by error or over-haſty judgment, either in the perſons themſelves, or in their cenſurers.

"With ſuch modes of thinking you will eaſily ſuppoſe that I muſt have been often cheated, duped, deceived, betrayed,

—that

—that the little circle by which I was ſurrounded, and which was to me the world, was perpetually playing with me at blind-man's buff. My paternal inheritance was the price of the firſt practical knowledge of mankind that I acquired. This was lent to a worthy churchwarden for the repair of his church, who, a few hours after the receipt of it, before a ſufficient time had elapſed to prepare the proper vouchers, took a French leave of me and of the pariſh.

"The compaſſion of the whole neighbourhood was now ſo liberally beſtowed upon me, that I thought myſelf perfectly ſecure of being elected to fill the next vacant benefice as ſome compenſation for my loſſes. A confidence not merely founded on the compaſſion ſhewn me, but on the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of ſervice from many of them. In a ſhort time, however, an opportunity was afforded of convincing me that my hopes were built upon a ſandy foundation. The miniſter of the pariſh died; but the conſiſtorial angel, far from troubling the waters for my

my reſtoration, moved them entirely on behalf of my competitor; and every one of my compaſſionate neighbours found ſome good reaſon why he could not poſſibly, this time, evince the ſincerity of his profeſſions, but aſſured me I might nevertheleſs rely upon his future ſupport.

"And I did ſtill rely with the ſame unbounded confidence upon their aſſurances, nor doubted that what they now ſaid was true, and that on the next opportunity I might depend upon their ſuffrages. But empty hopes and promiſes were all I ever obtained from them. Since, therefore, I ſeemed likely to ſtarve upon my godly vocation, I applied myſelf to another means of ſupport. A very natural inſtinct led me to the crib of a rich man, and I became tutor to his ſons. *What is right and juſt*, was the conſtant ſaw of my patron; learned, indeed, from his ſtarling, who repeated it fifty times in a day. This principle he followed ſo exactly, that he paid others, and expected to be paid himſelf, even to the third of a farthing. If a

turkey

turkey died while out in the ſtubble, its value was deducted from the wages of the boy who kept them; and I was diſcarded myſelf, and my two years ſalary ſtricken off, becauſe one day, while I was out upon a walk with my pupils, ſome of their clothes were ſtolen. According to my own opinion, I could not but confeſs that this proceeding was *right and juſt*, ſince I had, in fact, careleſsly left the door of the room where the clothes were kept unlocked.

"A benevolent, Chriſtian-minded man, who, as he ſaid himſelf, was always ready to ſhare his morſel of bread with the needy, now offered to take me under his protection. From pure philanthropy he engaged to furniſh me with food, lodging, and cloathing, under the ſingle *juſt and right* condition of my paying him twofold upon my future eſtabliſhment in the world. 'And ſhould you die unprovided for,' ſaid the good man, 'my actions are their own reward.' In my then ſituation, ſuch a propoſal ſeemed to come from an angel in heaven; I embraced it with tranſport,

and now, for the firſt time, taſted the ſweets of an eaſy and unembarraſſed mode of life. With a ſingle ſtroke of my pen I could obtain my every wiſh, but thoſe were never carried beyond mere neceſſaries, and a few good books. Within the pale of my patron's domains I exerciſed the right of making paper-money to as good purpoſe as the General Congreſs within the boundaries of the Thirteen United States of America; only with this difference, that my coinage never diminiſhed in value, but, on the contrary, increaſed, nay doubled.

" In this ſituation I remained about two years, without any proſpect of promotion. My papers ſwelled to a pretty large parcel. I began to fear that my kind benefactor would come ſhort of payment, and hinted my apprehenſions; but the thing appeared to concern him little. ' Be not ſolicitous about the matter,' ſaid he, with perfect indifference; ' 'twill come at laſt; a year is a long time, many things may be done in it, and when the tables begin to turn, good fortune will come in apace.'

" And

"And truly the man ſpake as though he had been endowed with the ſpirit of prophecy. Without any interference of my own, nay even contrary to my expectation, I was propoſed to fill a rich benefice that ſoon after became vacant, and ſcarcely ſooner propoſed than elected. Conſcious that I poſſeſſed little knowledge, except what I thought would be conducive to getting my bread, I was ſomewhat apprehenſive of going before the conſiſtorial court. However, all ended better than I expected; I found my examiners pious lenient men, who did not ſtrive to entrap me with over deep queſtions, and they declared my anſwers perfectly ſatisfactory. I took care that theſe encomiums ſhould not remain concealed from my Mæcenas. 'I thought it would be ſo,' ſaid he drily, and with a ſignificant ſmile: a confidence in my abilities which ſurpriſed me much, ſince I did not then comprehend its meaning. The truth was, that my friend made a trade of philanthropy, the capital for which was ſupplied by two very good eſtates, and by the method he purſued he hoped to

reap all the advantages of ſimony, without, according to his own ideas, incurring any of its hazards.

" Yet craftily as he thought he had played his cards, the affair ſoon got wind, and when I dreamed of nothing but ſteering ſafe into the harbour, all my hopes and views were wrecked upon a ſhoal at the haven's mouth.

" How ſmall ſoever was my ſhare in this tranſaction, the enlightened public,—which, truth to ſay, is as little of a luminous maſs as the monſtrous dark body that Lambert diſcovered in the centre of the planetary ſyſtem,—the enlightened public, I ſay, placed the whole to my account, with ſuch malicious additions as ſufficed to put me under the ban of the church, and prevent my looking forward to gaining my livelihood in a ſpiritual way. My benefactor was now transformed into an impatient creditor, exerciſed againſt me a certain ſpecies of *habeas corpus*, and would gladly, had it been in his power, have locked me up in the iron cheſt with the vouchers of my debts, ſince he was very much

afraid that I ſhould take myſelf off as the churchwarden had done when he obtained poſſeſſion of my money. He watched me narrowly, and at the ſame time laboured at a new plan for me in future. In ſhort, he procured a poſt for me without the pale of the church, two thirds of the profits of which, regularly paid for ten years, was likely to be ſunk in freeing myſelf from my engagements to him."

"According to what I underſtand then," ſaid I, "you muſt have ſhifted your ſaddle, and I am ſurpriſed, therefore, that you did not ſucceed better, for commonly the tranſmuted divines make their way notably in the world. I know a dozen or more ſuch amphibious animals, who have ſkipped upon dry land when they could ſubſiſt no longer in the water, and found the ſcheme anſwer extremely well. Not long ago Dr. Robert of Marburg, exchanged his Theological chair for a Juridical one; and in former days it often depended entirely upon the bride which doctorial hat ſhould cover the head of

the ſuitor; for, at that time, the crown of a ſcholar was thought ſuited to any hat. Nor do I find fault with the thing; ſince, according to the ſtrict inſtitutions of our anceſtors, any divine who ſhould tranſgreſs *in puncto ſexti* *, was puniſhable with having his gown and ſcarf ſtripped over his ſhoulders. And what then remained for the unfortunate wretch but to have recourſe to ſome leſs holy profeſſion? In our days, however, when the manners of the clergy are conſtantly approximating to thoſe of the laity, theſe ſins of temperament are not regarded in ſo very heinous a light. They are not, indeed, conſidered as derogating more from the ſanctity of the clerical character, than from the dignity of the nobleman's. But this does not ſeem to have been your caſe. And now, ſir, with many apologies for theſe frequent interruptions, let me requeſt to hear the ſequel."

My companion accordingly reſumed his narrative.—" From my contract with

* Or againſt the ſixth commandment, which, in the German Decalogue, is anſwerable to the ſeventh in the Engliſh.—*Tranſl.*

the

the philanthropiſt," ſaid he, "I ſhould have been in danger of ſtarving during the firſt years of holding my office, if the protection of the principal of the chamber of finances had not been included in the purchaſe. I knew therefore, that I ſhould not be over haſtily called to account; but being reſolved that all my engagements, as well what I had incurred for my new appointment as thoſe to my philanthropic creditor, ſhould be punctually diſcharged, I determined to regulate my expences in the moſt frugal manner poſſible, that I might be the ſooner clear in the world. But I found ſtill one indiſpenſable want, a prudent wife. I had firmly reſolved never to marry but upon rational grounds, ſo fixed *par inclination*, upon a ſmart and pretty girl, with whom I taſted all the tranſports of a love that nothing could equal. It muſt ſurely have been a pair like to us, that the poet had in view when he wrote thoſe celebrated verſes:—

The raptures of two hearts that fondly love
To e'en a ſight the gods themſelves to charm."

"It may be," I replied, "a very fine ſcene for the gods, but to mortals I am

ſure 'tis extremely *ennuyant*. For my part, I know of nothing more inſupportable to a third perſon than to be ſhut up in the company of two fond lovers. If the poet means, by calling it a ſcene for the gods, to expreſs the intereſt he takes in the careſſes and dalliance of theſe lovers, I only wiſh him for once to be condemned to play the part of audience, and he'd ſoon ſing a very different ſong. But I once more beg your pardon, ſir:—This by the by—again, if you pleaſe.—We were, I think, at the tranſports of love."

CHAP. VII.

Biography continued.

"DURING the honey-moon, I would not have exchanged ſituations with a king. I wiſhed for nothing more; and had not my contracts now and then croſſed my mind to mix a little gall with my tranſports, they would not have been exceeded by the joys of paradiſe. But who, in the arms of a young and lively wife, can think of ſaving? —My houſe was the abode of pleaſure; the noiſe of revelry diſſipated thought, and the melody of oaths of unalterable friendſhip and fraternal love, ſworn around the dinner-table, lulled reaſon and reflection to ſleep.

"Inſtead of making repayment to others, the good-natured cheſt was now called upon to advance money to ourſelves, while at the ſame time charges upon my

benefice daily encreaſed. Thus my receipts, inſtead of keeping pace in encreaſe with my outgoings, conſtantly diminiſhed, and my cheſt manifeſtly approached every day nearer and nearer to the ſtate of a perfect void. The inevitable conſequence of all this was an inquiry into the ſituation of my affairs. Happily for me, my ſtipulated protector undertook this commiſſion in perſon. As he entered my houſe I perceived his countenance, not as formerly, full of confidence, compaſſion, and kind participation in my concerns, but proud, cold, contemptuous, and impatient, exactly like that of Lord Bolingbroke in the Fragments. I gave myſelf over for loſt: the ſight of features ſo heterogeneous was perfectly inſupportable to me, and I was on the point of running into the open air for relief, when the appearance of a good angel from the kitchen held me back.

"This was my lovely wife, who played the hoſteſs with ſo much dexterity, that the lightning my formidable gueſt bore in his eyes, to flaſh againſt and overpower me, was diſperſed inſtantaneouſly, the clouds ſeparated,

ſeparated, and in a few moments his forehead preſented a clear and ſerene ſky. After dinner my jovial inquiſitor propoſed a game at piquet with my wife, and I received permiſſion to abſent myſelf on account of buſineſs. The next day his Excellency was engaged to a hunting party, —the third he had got a cold—the fourth ſome new interruption intervened—after dinner he never could attend to buſineſs, and in the evenings he muſt continue his piquet parties—ſo that what with one thing or another, the inveſtigation into my affairs was no longer mentioned. After ſome weeks we ſeparated, highly ſatisfied with each other, and all remained *in ſtatu quo*.

" Theſe viſits were renewed from time to time, when I often received from my philanthropic friend private commiſſions. which carried me away from my own houſe. I undertook them readily, and executed them with diligence, nor ever ſuſpected how the piquet parties were going on in my abſence. One day I had finiſhed a piece of buſineſs much ſooner than could

poſſibly have been expected. Concluding my wife and her gueſt at cards as uſual, and not thinking it neceſſary, as maſter of the houſe, to ſend up the ſervant with a formal introduction, I, without any ceremony, entered the room where I expected to find them. But my patron ſoon taught me that I was altogether in an error, ſince he received me with aſking very abruptly, accompanied with a hearty oath, "*What buſineſs I had there?*"—The motive for this queſtion was however obvious enough, ſince I found myſelf wholly deceived in ſuppoſing his Excellency and my wife at cards. You may gueſs the reſt, ſir—ſpare me the relation, ſince the recollection of that moment even now raiſes emotions in my boſom that I cannot control. I ſaw not my wife; but certain palpitations I obſerved under the mattraſs of a couch that ſtood in the room, as well as the fluſh of detected guilt that overſpread my gueſt's countenance, ſpoke in terms too plain to be miſtaken."

"Unleſs it were the liver of a goat, with which your noble patron had been making

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an experiment to aſcertain the truth of an ingenious conjecture of Michaelis's *, that occaſioned the palpitation of the mattraſs, and deceived you, in like manner as the ambaſſadors of king Saul were deceived when they hoped to catch David;—if this were not the caſe, as I am willing to hope it was for the credit of human nature, then I am afraid that you caught the bird in the neſt which the Hebrew monarch's ambaſſadors found flown.—But how did you proceed under circumſtances ſo embarraſſing?"

"No choice was left me; for I found myſelf on the outſide of the door before it was poſſible to lay hands upon the *corpus delicti*. I was conſtrained to yield to the ſubordination required by my principal, and to wink at the matter as long as he ſtayed. But no ſooner was he gone than, reſuming my domeſtic authority, I baniſhed my wife for ever from my houſe, unable to conceal the anguiſh of my heart ſo well

* Upon the ſubject of the image in David's bed, as related in the book of Samuel, chap. xix. verſe 13th.

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as the ſituation of my affairs. But my impetuoſity on the one ſubject proved my ruin with regard to the other; for the principal no ſooner was informed of what had paſſed, than his protection was withdrawn, and a practical explanation of the parable of the unjuſt ſteward given me within the walls of a priſon. The payment of my debts ſeemed now a matter ſo little within the bounds of poſſibility, that I thought of nothing but ending my career in this contracted ſpace, which at the moſt did not exceed four ſteps, and I therefore applied myſelf cloſely to almoſt the only occupation or amuſement that lay within my power, that of reflecting deeply upon the world and mankind."

"Theſe reflections," ſaid I, "were certainly not likely to ſtrengthen your belief in the excellence of human nature. Nor indeed were the *data* upon which you proceeded, mere ſhip-news, only coined to ſerve mercantile purpoſes, but to all appearance you had authentic documents on which to form your opinions."

"Moſt

"Moſt undoubtedly," he anſwered: "I could by no means reconcile my practical experience in life with my preconceived theory. Yet I could find ſome excuſe for all theſe anomalies, ſave only for the falſehood and hypocriſy of a wife, who overwhelmed me with deceitful careſſes, while her heart burned in ſecret for a rival. In my exile I was not without an Eliphaz, a Bildad, and Zophar, who came ſometimes to diſpute with me. Two of theſe were eccleſiaſtics; and becauſe they had failed of ſucceeding as they wiſhed to my benefice, they conſoled me with the aſſurance that my unhappy fate was a direct judgment from the hand of God; that ſince, like Jonas, I had diſavowed my calling, the whale had ſwallowed me up in his belly. To this wholeſome doctrine they commonly added ſalutary admonitions for my future conduct, and concluded with a conſolatory hint, that if I ſuffered patiently, God in his good time might perhaps ordain the fiſh to vomit me forth again upon dry land.

"I judged

"I judged it not amiſs however to make what efforts lay in my own power for aſſiſting this act of egeſtion, ſo endeavoured to procure a ſubſcription among the charitable and benevolent for the liquidation of my debts. I thought, within myſelf, "Why do I not deſerve as well to be reſcued from the hands of a financial deſpot by a Chriſtian contribution of ſome hundred florins, as a Chriſtian ſlave to be thus ranſomed from the chains of infidels." Such an act of diſintereſted goodneſs would have made a ſtronger impreſſion upon me, and contributed more towards diſperſing the ill opinion I began to entertain of mankind, than liſtening to a whole year's preaching upon Chriſtian charity and benevolence. As an additional incitement to their liberality, I aſſured thoſe whom I ſolicited, of my readineſs to go in public proceſſion to offer up my thanks for it whitherſoever they would carry me. But all I could obtain was, a promiſe that I ſhould be remembered in the church's prayers. This bounty I did not refuſe, ſince I could obtain no other, in the full

conviction

conviction that my ſufferings would not thereby be either ameliorated or encreaſed.

" The truly Chriſtian act of reſcuing me from the fangs of my oppreſſors, was reſerved for a benevolent maiden, my youngeſt ſiſter, whoſe hand friend Eliphaz had ſolicited as his ſecond wife. She was born in my father's declining years, and after his death educated by a diſtant relation; and now ſince the fortune left her had not fallen into the hands of a churchwarden, ſhe not only poſſeſſed that ſtill, but through the good management of her guardian, it had been nearly doubled. She was juſt come of age, and the firſt uſe ſhe made of her freedom was to purchaſe my emancipation—a purchaſe that not only conſumed her whole fortune, but by which ſhe loſt her ſuitor into the bargain. What indeed could be more natural, or more according to the common order of things, than that the worthy man ſhould thus retract his promiſe; for ſince he married with his underſtanding, not with his eyes, a maiden with ſcarcely more property than the Medicean

dicean Venus has drapery, could not be the wife for him.

"The ſacrifices this noble-minded creature had made for my ſake, ſunk deeply into my ſoul, and impreſſed it with a melancholy which nothing but her ſmiles—and never did the reflection upon what ſhe might have been but for me, cloud her brow for one moment—could ſoothe or ſoften. My father's doctrine appeared every day more and more fallacious. By one beam alone was the fabric yet held together—by the hope which is ſo ſtrongly inculcated in every book we read, even from the moſt ſacred of all books down to the fairy tales themſelves, that ſo noble an action as my beloved ſiſter's could not paſs unrewarded. In this expectation I wrote muſic for hire like Rouſſeau, while my Minerva worked as a millener. And indeed an event did ſoon after happen, which at firſt promiſed almoſt to reconcile me again to the world and my fellow-creatures. A rich young man, who according to the opinion of all that knew him, poſſeſſed every qualification of heart and underſtanding

ing to make a woman happy, paſſing by the ſmart and ſhowy maidens who dreſſed and ſpread out their nets to catch him, paid his vows at a humbler ſhrine, and requeſted my ſiſter's hand in marriage."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed, "how I rejoice to hear it! The lovely angel who threw open your priſon doors, and looſed the fetters from your hands, did even on earth receive her reward! Now then, doubtleſs, the ſtormy days of your life were at an end, and your almanack had nothing to predict but fair and ſerene weather."

"Yes, the event, indeed, proved that the faireſt proſpects in life are no better than almanack predictions of ſerenity and ſunſhine. The roſy, healthy, blooming maiden, ſoon, as a wife, began to droop and languiſh, like a lovely flower whoſe root is gnawed by the deſtroying worm. She thought, in her innocence, that ſhe only experienced the inconveniences which the mother of human kind left as a portion to all her daughters, and bore her ſufferings with perfect patience, nor ſuppoſed,

that

that, guiltleſs herſelf, ſhe was falling a martyr to the vices of others. She died, while the wretch to whom ſhe owed her fall, lived in the world with a fair and unblemiſhed character, ſince he had wealth ſufficient to ſtifle the voice of ſlander, or, rather, the voice of truth.

"It was about this time that Lavater firſt began to preach his phyſiognomical doctrines, and I was one of his earlieſt diſciples in Germany. I had firmly reſolved to follow preciſely all his footſteps, but found myſelf conſtrained, alas! to forſake him even at the firſt croſs-way. I ſoon perceived that his method of phyſiognomiſing was mere airy ſpeculation, and by no means calculated for practical utility in the ſtudy of mankind, to the attainment of which object the ſcience ought to be wholly and ſolely directed. I, therefore, quitted the deceitful path of feeling, and purſued the ſtraight and high road of underſtanding. The firſt axiom I laid down upon purſuing my new courſe was, that the whole ſyſtem of the ſignificance of any particular part or feature of the countenance

nance was mere litter, from which no wheat could ever be threſhed. The very ſame form of noſe, or arching of the forehead, or contour of the chin, which, in one face, denoted cunning, hypocriſy, and treachery, in another were ſaid to denote honour, faith, and integrity,—if, indeed, ſuch qualities are to be found in human nature. Every ſingle part of the countenance is like a ſingle tone, which gives a ſimple ſound, that ſtands for juſt as much and no more than the compoſer chooſes; but 'tis the union of many tones that forms the accord by which we are to judge whether the whole be good or bad. I, thenceforward, never concerned myſelf with the ſignificance or inſignificance of any particular feature or line, but with the general effect of all combined, ſince that alone forms the proper criterion by which to decide upon the character. Never, therefore, have I been able to diſcover more than two principal claſſes of phyſiognomy, as with regard to the moral character, there are but two principal claſſes among the

the human ſpecies, the active and the paſſive.

"Activity of mind is ſtamped upon the countenance in characters ſo impoſſible to be miſtaken, that I ſhould at firſt ſight of any man be able to determine whether he belonged to the active claſs, with as much confidence as Linnæus decides that every quadruped which carries its tail on the left ſide belongs to the family of dogs. Yet, though I can pronounce with ſo much certainty that ſuch or ſuch a man belongs to the active claſs, obſerve, I by no means pretend to decide in what this activity of mind is employed; for that reſts not upon a man's own will, but upon a thouſand accidental circumſtances in his paſſage through life; active and puſhing, however, he always will be. In the Belle-Poule the deceaſed Klotz had proved as formidable to the Engliſh tars, as in his critical frigate he is to authors, and the flag of as many a rich merchant-man had then been ſtruck to him, as now of a poor book-maker. Whether,

ther, therefore, from the egg which contains all this energy, ſhall be hatched an uſurer or a naturaliſt, an atheiſt or a ſaint, a banker or a pickpocket, a critic or a ſtateſman, one of the orthodox or the heterodox, a fighting-cock or a baſiliſk, depends as little upon the peculiar form of this egg as upon the influence of the ſtars at its birth. The natural bound of phyſiognomy is to ſhew power and energy, not to ſhew how it is directed, and, therefore, when I have beheld what Lavater ſtiles the impreſs of genius ſtamped upon the countenance, I have conſtantly applied myſelf to obſerving the perſon's actions; whence I have been led to eſtabliſh a ſecond axiom, which I can now, in like manner, offer as certain and incontrovertible.

"Among all perſons of the active claſs there invariably exiſts a certain eager ſelf-conceit, with a deſire of raiſing themſelves above their fellow-creatures, and of leading them about with a curb and bridle, at leaſt, if not of hunting them down like helpleſs hares. Following the Arab principle,

principle, they ſeem to think themſelves born lords of the whole earth, and that they have a right to diſpoſe of every thing at their own pleaſure. They, therefore, plunder every caravan, and trample to the duſt every innocent brother that comes in their way, domineering over the paſſive part of the ſpecies, as the bullying wind rules at will the ſurface of the ſuffering ſea, which it daſhes furiouſly againſt the towering rock, or ſmooths, like a poliſhed mirror, according to the fancy of the moment, making it alike its ſport and its ſcorn. Men endued with this original capital of power and energy, will be ſure to make every advantage of it, for which their accidental ſituations in life may afford them opportunities. Not content with the intereſt allowed by law, they will extort as much more as they can obtain from their leſs able brethren, and turn to as good account the merchandize they poſſeſs in the head, as the capitaliſt turns his ready money, the corn-hoarder his granaries, or the tobacco-farmer his warehouſes. They are the true monopoliſts, calling

calling every thing contraband that is not of their own manufacture, and ruining all the little traders who can only deal from hand to mouth. With the moſt cold-blooded indifference would they trample down thouſands, if they could derive the leaſt advantage from their annihilation, or throw but one additional grain into the ſcale of their own importance.

"All perſons of the active claſs, or if you pleaſe to call it with the ſtamp of genius on their contours, may, on an accurate inveſtigation of their actions, be ſubdivided again into three claſſes. Thoſe who maintain their ſuperiority by force of intellect, by the right of fiſts, or through the devices of Machivelianiſm. The genius of intellect treats all the heads around him with contempt as clods or funguſſes: the genius of might, or the fiſt genius, knocks down every thing that ſtands in his way; and the genius of ſtratagem employs all his craft to over-reach. 'Tis, therefore, that I ſhun every countenance of the active claſs, not doubting that its poſſeſſor will take every oppor-

tunity of employing his powers to my diſadvantage. Is he a genius of intellect I expect that he will ſoon make me feel the ſting of his wit; is he a genius of might, then, if he be at the ſame time a porter, I ſhould expect him to lay his burthen upon my ſhoulders, and make me bear it for him; when, ſhould I meet a genius of craft, I ſhould expect that he, under the maſk of friendſhip and ſmypathy, would cajole me out of my bundle, and carry it away for his own purpoſes. This, ſir, is my complete theory of phyſiognomy.

" 'Tis to your perfectly paſſive countenance, that you are indebted for my having remained three days in your company, ſince the active countenance of your Philip would have driven me away at the firſt moment. You belong indiſputably to that claſs of men who can hope all things, ſuffer all things. You are guiltleſs of any tyranny or oppreſſion, and, according to Lavater's diviſions, belong to the claſs of the negatives, in whoſe countenances there is nothing great, nothing

thing ſublime, nothing noble, but alſo nothing miſchievous, nothing deceitful, nothing malignant. In ſhort, you are not likely to trample down others as foundation ſtones for yourſelf, but are more likely to be trampled down as a foundation ſtone for others."

At this period we arrived at the gate of an inn, where we agreed not only to ſtop and dine, but alſo to take up our night-quarters, ſince we all thought the exerciſe we had already had, ſufficient for the day. For the preſent, therefore, I remained an anſwer in my companion's debt.

After ſupper he opened his pocket-book, and ſpread before me ſeveral ſilhouettes, as well as ſketches of full faces.

"How do you read theſe?" ſaid he.

I contemplated them for ſome time that I might not be over haſty in my judgment, and at length ſaid:—"If we be not agreed in our phyſiognomical alphabet, but what paſſes for an X with the one appears to the other a U, yet can I

not, according to my conviction, ſay otherwiſe of them, taken in a maſs, than is ſaid of the Table of Lovers with their Miſtreſſes in the Fragments. 'There is not one among them, the original of which I could not embrace with fraternal affection.' All beſpeak mind, power, intelligence, and vivacity, and attract like magnetized ſteel; ſome, however, more than others. In none do I find a miſshapen forehead or a diſtorted mouth, that indicates a perverted ſoul; nothing dull or ſleepy; nothing that denotes gloom and ſullenneſs; nothing of craft, avarice, gluttony."——

"You are partly right," interrupted my companion, "and, for once, our opinions in ſome meaſure coincide. All that you have ſaid amounts to what I will readily allow, that theſe all belong to the active claſs, who poſſeſs power and energy to accompliſh mighty actions. But what ſays your phyſiognomical impulſe to this head in particular?"

"A countenance of honeſty and underſtanding. That open arched forehead is incapable

incapable even of an ignoble thought. Faith and truth hover about that finely formed mouth; all that is good and great is breathed forth from thoſe diſtended noſtrils. Such is my judgment; but if I be miſtaken, remember that a hair's breadth of error in the ſketch makes all poſſible difference in the character."

"Admirable! This is that gallows rogue the churchwarden who eloped with my whole fortune. The lines of the thief are indeed not diſcernible in the ſilhouette, and even in the original the countenance of the active claſs only was impreſſed. However, I will not diſpute the correctneſs of your judgment, but rather ſubſcribe to it with all my heart. Exactly as you read the countenance has it been read by many others; and ſo did I read it myſelf when I was but a phyſiognomical ſmatterer. I will even grant that your analyſis of this head may be accurate throughout, yet notwithſtanding it may belong to a rogue, ſince a cheat who could impoſe upon many, even penetrating eyes, ſo as to paſs for an honeſt

man, cannot be denied an ample ſhare of genius. The forehead! Yes, indeed, it is fair and open! An open trap to catch the unwary, which to appearance will admit free ingreſs and egreſs; but no ſooner is the animal decoyed into it, than it cloſes with a ſnap, and no means of eſcape is left to the prey. The forehead, indeed, is open; 'tis only your concluſion that ſuch a forehead is incapable even of an ignoble thought, which is falſe. The noſtrils, indeed, are diſtended, ready to ſmell out at any diſtance the ſavings of an honeſt fellow-creature, whether carefully wrapped in the widow's handkerchief, or locked in the little cheſt of the induſtrious farmer or mechanic. Faith and truth moſt certainly were conſtantly on thoſe lips, but whoſoever truſted them found deceit and knavery in the heart.

"This reverend ſhade with the fardingale round the back of the head, and this with the great peruke like a lion's mane, are the eccleſiaſtical patrons, who, when I wanted to enter the door of a benefice always found it locked and the key loſt; but

but as ſoon as my eyes were turned away, ſlily let in a nephew or a couſin through the wicket.

"This pious phyſiognomy belongs to the philanthropiſt, who was always ready to ſhare his bread with the needy, and loaded them with kindneſs only to cruſh them at laſt with his weight. But here, what ſay you to this full face?"

"A countenance," ſaid I, "full of vigour, invention, and adroitneſs."

"Adroitneſs, indeed!—as he ſufficiently ſhewed in the manner he contrived to play his cards;—I mean at certain piquet parties. This, ſir, is my worthy protector the principal of the chamber of finances, and now you know the end of all the adroitneſs and invention you diſcover here. But, ah! this, this, recals yet more grievous recollections than any! Look here; who would read in this ingenuous countenance, formed to charm the heart of woman, a poiſoner! a murderer! Yet theſe are the features of a ſhameleſs egotiſt, who ſcrupled not to ſacrifice for the gratification of his ſenſual

appetites an innocent creature, whom he received pure and ſpotleſs as ſhe came from the hands of her Maker himſelf. But away with it!

"It cannot be unknown to you that the cutting out of ſilhouettes was a faſhionable paſtime long before it was done with any view to phyſiognomiſing. At the death of all perſons of whom I had conceived a favourable opinion, and who were loſt to ſociety without leaving behind any likeneſs whatever of their faces, I commonly amuſed myſelf with forming ſketches ſuch as I conceived might reſemble them. This collection increaſed ſo rapidly, that, in a courſe of years, it became as numerous as Jacob's flocks and herds, but without my having any other view than merely the gratification afforded to my fancy in forming ſuch ideal countenances. At length, however, when I began to ſtudy phyſiognomy, I produced all my treaſures, and contemplated the contours one after another, according to Lavater's preſcriptions. But whenever I caſt a glance aſide from the features to the actions,

actions, I always found that they were exceptions to his general rules, till at length I began to be of opinion that his rules were in fact no rules at all, and with republican freedom ſet about thinking for myſelf.

"You know the reſult; that at preſent no two perſons can purſue more contrary methods of phyſiognomiſing than do I and my former maſter. We are like two ſtrait lines that ſet out from the ſame point, but following oblique directions can never meet more. Even in our progreſs we vary as much as in our principles. He like a rocket aſcends in a perpendicular line with a mighty ruſhing noiſe, drawing a long train of fire after him, and attracting the attention and aſtoniſhment of a gaping public—while I ſteal on in the dark in a horizontal line, and never concern myſelf about gapers and gazers. Phyſiognomy has drawn him into the very midſt of the wide theatre of the world—me it has baniſhed from human ſociety. It has taught him to diſcover the endleſs perfec-

tions of mankind, and thence enhanced his love for them paſt conception—while at every ſtep I have taken, it has ſhewn me ſome new crime or vice which before had paſſed unobſerved, till at length I can diſcern nothing amiable among my whole ſpecies.

"Notwithſtanding theſe deviations, however, in one reſpect our fates have been ſimilar—that we both have acquired our knowledge of mankind from the ſenſe of feeling: he by his irrational internal impulſe; I by the external impulſe of blows and buffets, which, not emblematically, but phyſically, I have received in the progreſs of my ſcientific career.

"Since the phyſiognomical ſenſe was awakened in my ſoul, and chambers and conſiſtories ſtood expoſed and branded before me, all the awe and reſpect with which they formerly inſpired my ſoul has truly fallen and withered like an autumnal leaf. And as I felt it a ſort of blaſphemy to regard ſuch deceitful maſks of humanity and religion as the real pillars of the church

and ſtate, ſo I thought it my duty to publiſh my experience as a warning to the world. I therefore called the knave, with the exterior of worth and piety, by his true name of a diſſembler and a rogue. I ſaid plainly and openly, thou mayſt wear the ſemblance of honeſty and integrity, but thou carrieſt the villain in thine heart. The event was exactly what prophet Lichtenberg foretold —my freedom of ſpeech was repaid on every ſide with a doubled fiſt. At a public place about a year ago, I was requeſted to attend a couple of adventurers, to read, as they ſaid, their nativities in their countenances. I told them plainly, as my own conviction told me, that they had both the phyſiognomy of ſharpers, and in the ſame moment I found myſelf under the table in ſuch a ſituation, that but for the interpoſition of my hoſt, I had perhaps never riſen again. I feel the effect of this practical knowledge of mankind ſtill ſo grievouſly in my body, that to ſay the truth this is a principal cauſe of my journey to Carlſbad."

Here my phyſiognomical martyr ceaſed ſpeaking, ſhut up his pocket-book, and throwing himſelf down upon the bed, firſt rouſed me by his ſnoring from the train of reflection into which I had been thrown by the hiſtory of his ſufferings.

CHAP. VIII.

A wonderful Diſcovery.

A STRANGE kind of man this ſame companion of mine, thought I to myſelf, as I awoke the next morning. I muſt ſpend a another day or two, at leaſt, in his company, before I can perfectly underſtand him.

When I had finiſhed my cup of chocolate, and he his glaſs of ſpring-water, and Philip was about to pack the things up again, Sempronius (for ſo I ſhall call him, ſince I cannot produce his right name) ſuddenly perceived the ſilhouettes upon my chocolate cups. He looked at them for ſome moments with evident aſtoniſhment and emotion, then exclaimed, "Heavens! how came you in poſſeſſion of theſe ſilhouettes?"

I was not a little ſtruck with this queſtion. "What do you mean," ſaid I; "do you know

know the original?—It would be conferring a ſingular pleaſure upon me could you give me any information concerning her."

"How," ſaid he, "You do not know her then?"

"Her perſon I know well," I replied, "but there is a ſomething enigmatical relative to my acquaintance with her, which I have never been able to unravel."

"I can unravel it at once—for as true as I live that is——my wife."

"How, ſir,—your wife?—my Sophy!—Impoſſible!"

"By no means impoſſible—but perfectly probable—and, according to appearance, very certain. Look at this ſilhouette—this is my wife's—and now compare it with thoſe on your cups. Or, rather tell me what you know concerning the original of them, which will make the matter much more clear."

Aſtoniſhed to the laſt degree at what I heard, I inſtantly related as much of the hiſtory of my connection with Sophy as I thought neceſſary to enable him to form a judgment

judgment upon the caſe, and in concluſion entreated him to diſcloſe any farther particulars of which he might be in poſſeſſion relative to her. With this requeſt he complied as we proceeded upon our journey.

"My heart," ſaid he, "remained perfectly callous to the prayers and entreaties of the penitent ſinner, though her diſtreſs gave her new charms. But I was reſolved never more to take to my boſom a ſerpent, who by her guilt had deſtroyed the repoſe of my life. Yet I will not anſwer but that time might have accompliſhed what could not be effected by perſuaſion, had her impatient temper ſuffered her to wait ſuch a favourable event. She, however, either from indignation, deſpair, or attachment to her ſeducer, threw herſelf immediately into his arms. I have now in my poſſeſſion the letter ſhe ſent me to notify that the benevolent friend to whom ſhe owed ſo many obligations, had taken her into his protection, and that ſhe was domeſticated in his houſe. I afterwards went myſelf to reſide at Manheim, where I had

I had a better proſpect of gaining a livelihood, and ſince that time have never heard of her. A funeral ſermon indeed, which fell into my hands not long ago, informed me that the exalted friend of virtue and of mankind, to whom I owed ſo many obligations, the Miniſter of Finances, was become one of the bleſſed. I ſuppoſe therefore that the unhappy, abandoned creature whom he had ruined, was obliged to ſeek her fortune. Eternal ſhame on the woman!—her character was once pure and faultleſs as her phyſiognomy. Her hand beſpake the chaſtity and decorum of her ſoul, though I cannot ſay much for its practical utility. Her mind was beſides well cultivated, and, excepting in the department of languages, ſhe might, in information, have rivalled any one of Mr. John Buncle's ſeraglio. Reading was indeed her principal, almoſt her ſole employment. Two hundred epigrams which Kaſtner had dropped, or purpoſely thrown under the table, ſhe had treaſured up as carefully as Alexander the Great cheriſhed the recovered manuſcript of Homer in Darius's

Darius's jewel-caſket. She was one of the few pepper-corns, who could perfectly underſtand and feel Klopſtock's odes."

"Alas, ſir," I here interrupted him, "it appears to me that in no caſe does it become a wife to be a pepper-corn. Oil ſhe ſhould be, to counteract the vinegar of the huſband, as the Fragments obſerve, that ſo the ſalad of wedlock may be rendered perfectly palatable. And I own I am of opinion that all your matrimonial unhappineſs originated in the pepper-corn qualities of which you ſeem to boaſt. Heaven preſerve him who ſeeks a partner for life from falling upon one of this deſcription!—Pepper may indeed be a ſtrengthening and warming ſpice to the ſtomach, and our taſte being accuſtomed to it, ſince cuſtom reconciles the taſte even to dill, or fennel, may languiſh for ſuch a ſtimulus, yet does it burn and ſting the palate as it paſſes through the mouth. A learned woman, or one who endeavours to be a *belle eſprit*, is a vain and idle creature. Vanity, when flattered, occaſions giddineſs in the head; and if the perſon ſo affected be not agile at catching hold of virtue for her

her ſupport, ſhe will fall to the ground before ſhe be aware. I therefore think that the inſtitution of the Salic law, which excluded the ſpinning-wheel from any concern in ſtate affairs, would, with a very few exceptions, be as ſalutary in the literary republic as in the French monarchy. For the reſt, your deſciption as little agrees with the character of Sophy, as, according to the judgment of my eyes, the ſilhouettes accord with each other. One thing however I muſt obſerve; that the eagerneſs with which you ſeized upon what appeared to bear a reſemblance to your wife, and the warmth with which you ſtill ſpeak of that Alcmena, convince me that though you have condemned, you cannot ceaſe to love her, but that the heart is ſtill at warfare with the head. Love has engraven the features of the loſt dove ſo deeply in your breaſt, that in every female face you behold, amid the twilight of a ſhade, imagination traces the form on which it loves to dwell, as Raphael always diſcovered the features of his miſtreſs in every Madonna created by his magic pencil. I hold love

to be like a Miaſma, which for a long time ſteals imperceptibly about the body, yet at length ſeizing upon the weak fibres, gradually breaks out, now raging in the head, then in the foot, penetrating to the ſtomach or the lungs, or conſuming the liver. 'Tis thus with love, unleſs the mind be fortified with the Mithridate of ſpleen, diſcord, or jealouſy. Even then, though the diſeaſe will remain the longer concealed, it appears on the moſt trifling occaſion, clings to the fibres of the imagination, burſts forth in tears of heart-rending melancholy, or commits its ravages upon the nervous ſyſtem of ſenſibility, and in ſhort takes ſuch cameleon forms that the phyſician knows as little as the patient what to make of the diſeaſe."

"I will not pretend to deny," replied Sempronius, "that ſometimes in my ſolitary walks, when the phyſiognomical ſenſe is lulled to ſleep within me, and I do not feel inclined to botanize, my fancy is aſſailed by images which convince me, that notwithſtanding all the injuries I have received, my heart ſtill adheres to its firſt attachment, nor will ever be freed from it

but

but in the grave. Yet when I compare her phyſiognomy with her actions, I am equally convinced that, however this beloved wife might kneel before me with tears of penitence, and offer to bind herſelf by the moſt ſolemn oaths never again to ſwerve from her plighted faith, ſhe would, notwithſtanding, readily yield to the firſt piquet party propoſed to her. Then, the only medicine which can clear the fibres of the imagination from the poiſonous love that corrodes them, is a plentiful ſhower of tears. Is it not a melancholy reflection, that, ſince a natural inſtinct unites the ſexes together for their mutual advantage, that, hand in hand, they may promote each other's happineſs, and thus, bound in firm and ſolid compact, may the more eaſily reſiſt the ſtorms that aſſail them in their paſſage through life; is it not a melancholy reflection, I ſay, that this union, which ought to be one of man's chief ſources of happineſs, is often the primary cauſe of all his miſery. What can be expected of the ſolitary being, who, bound by no ſtrict tie to any

of

of his fellow-creatures, lives only to himſelf; and, like the treacherous ſpider, ſpreads his ſnares and watches with Argus-eyes to catch and deſtroy whatever may fall in his way. In this light I conſider thoſe wretches who, inſenſible to the ſweets of a holy union, approach each other even for what they call purpoſes of pleaſure with ſuſpicion and diſtruſt, as plunderers and devourers. Theſe obſervations are the reſult of many years experience, and you ſurely will not diſallow that I am ſufficiently converſant with the practical knowledge of mankind, to have made my deductions upon ſufficient grounds."

" In truth, it muſt be owned that the money paid for your initiation has not been thrown away. You have undergone a tedious and painful apprenticeſhip, and beſides have worked ſo long as a journeyman, that now you have juſt claims to ſet up for yourſelf as a maſter phyſiognomiſt, and carry on buſineſs in your own way."

" And to take for my motto," he anſwered, " *Hypocriſy is the principal ingredient*

dient in civilized ſociety.—Every attractive phyſiognomy I conſider as a treacherous maſk. Genius, beſides its well-known near alliance with madneſs, is generally aſſociated with ſelf-ſufficiency, inſolence, and arrogance. The common every-day faces are what I can beſt endure, ſince they are the leaſt deceitful, the moſt honeſt, and the moſt harmleſs. Not that theſe are free from evil propenſities, they are only voidof the power of carrying them into effect. They have not art ſufficient to conceal their machinations, but ſhew their teeth before they attempt to bite, ſo that we have only ourſelves to blame, if we do not get out of their way."

"I thank you, my friend, you have been ſo good as to conduct me over every part of your phyſiognomical ſtructure, and I think now that I underſtand you tolerably well. As certain as it is that climate, food, education, ſituation, the proportion of happineſs we enjoy, and other external circumſtances, have a powerful influence over our manners and opinions; nay, that they even form and harmonize them;—

ſo

ſo certain is it, that our opinions in their turn are ſufficiently manifeſt in the operations of our minds as well as in thoſe of our hands. I am, therefore, not at all ſurpriſed that your phyſiognomical faith ſhould have taken a very different form from Lavater's. Under your circumſtances his had been the ſame as yours; and you, on the contrary, under like circumſtances with him, had followed his opinions. The modes of thinking you inherited from your father were tolerably homogeneous to his, and the mighty difference that has ſince ariſen between you, may be explained by a commentary on the fourth clauſe of the Lord's Prayer. On you, Heaven has, all your days, beſtowed the daily bread without, and on him with Dr. Luther's additions, He has been bleſſed with a virtuous wife, pious children, faithful and righteous ſuperiors, good food, good clothing, good friends, and good neighbours; under ſuch circumſtances what ſhould induce him to alter his original opinion of mankind? With you it has been the reverſe; none of theſe bleſſings

bleſſings have you experienced, and 'tis not ſurpriſing that your calamities, though not anomalous to the common courſe of things, ſhould entirely eraſe from your boſom every ſentiment favourable to your fellow-creatures, and open its doors to ſpleen and miſanthropy.

" It might, indeed, be here urged, and not untruly, that Lavater alſo has met with his rubs and buffets during his pilgrimage here below; that within the walls of Zurich, things are much the ſame, as within every other circle under the ſun; and that the worthy man has ſometimes been in danger of being ſqueezed to death by the crouds that throng and preſs around him: that there is no end of the pecking and plucking of the literary game-cocks, each of whom is deſirous of diſplaying a more ſplendid plumage than the other, and if they can but pluck a few feathers from poor Lavater's wings and ſtick them into their own, think they have humbled him completely. But to this objection I have a ready anſwer. Leſſing has long ago proved, that a great difference

is

is to be made between the man and the author, that they are two diſtinct perſons, and that nothing muſt be ſet down to the credit of the one which belongs to the account of the other; whence 'tis manifeſt that this literary cat-clawing has no reſpect whatever to the man :—a golden truth, but which, however, muſt not be underſtood without ſome modifications. If, for inſtance, the holy inquiſition, or indeed any other inquiſition not breathing the odour of ſanctity, ſhould inflict on an author forty ſtripes ſave one, though the laſh is directed againſt the author, 'tis the man that feels; and to whomſoever the choice is left, preference would probably be given to the ſcourge and fangs of the critic, rather than to the baſtinado of the man. All the calamities that ever befel an author, merely as author, are not to be put in compariſon with the piquet-parties of a fickle-minded wife. If, therefore, the literary confederates have taken the field againſt the Zurich Viſionary, it may perhaps for awhile cauſe ſome interruption to the ſerenity of his days, but cannot have the ſame eſſential

influence upon his happineſs, as if they ſtole into his houſe by night, in a friendly way, and robbed him of his fortune or his wife. The whole rabble-rout are human beings, whom Lavater, merely as men, can regard as brethren and fellow-creatures; and with whom, baiting theſe literary peckings, he lives upon terms of friendſhip and good neighbourhood. But with you, my friend, it was otherwiſe. You, as a man, were miſuſed by men; and that has naturally ſet you ſo at variance with human nature, that the words Man and Citizen paſs with you as ſynonimous to cheat and adulterer.

"If I cannot agree entirely in the deductions you have drawn from experience, for the eſtabliſhment of your phyſiognomical ſyſtem, yet one thing I have learned from your converſation, which I can never forget, how adverſe ſoever to my favourite opinions. I find the Apoſtle ſays very rightly that no true ſaying has ever come forth from the human heart: the Zuricher's ſayings come forth from the human heart, therefore I allow that they do not, as I once imagined, agree ſo perfectly as the

tallies

tallies on a counting board, but are rather like the admonitions in the almanack relative to opening a vein. Here are pointed out the lucky and unlucky days for performing this operation, yet have I known perſons undergo it on an unlucky day and do perfectly well, while with others, perhaps, on whom it has been performed on a lucky day, it has ended moſt calamitouſly. In truth, it does not depend upon the day whether or not the operation ſhall be attended with ſucceſs, but upon the goodneſs of the lancet, the ſkill of the ſurgeon, the ſtate of the body, or a hundred other adventitious circumſtances. In like manner, it does not depend upon the lineaments, but for the moſt part upon a variety of other things, ſome of which have perhaps no relation whatever to the individual himſelf, whether a man ſhall be good or bad. Your theory has fully convinced me that 'tis poſſible to have a very honeſt face, yet to be a rogue at heart; while, as in the caſe of my ſhepherd Mark, with the countenance of a rogue, the interior may be pure as the falling ſnow.

" But ſince the inſtances are not frequent when the opening of a vein terminates in the loſs of a limb, even though an unlucky day was choſen for the operation, but it generally anſwers the deſired purpoſe, be the day lucky or unlucky, ſo is it alſo more uſual that the honeſt man carries a teſtimony of his honeſty in his countenance, as well as that the face of the thief, or the ſharper, is an advertiſement of his profeſſion. Indeed, ſir, I cannot ſay that I read in your countenance, at our firſt rencontre in the foreſt, that you would be the man to ſhake my faith in the Lavaterian creed, yet did I find ſomewhat, that while I could not reſiſt courting your acquaintance, almoſt made me dread to obtain it. But at the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that though I am on the verge of relinquiſhing the Fragments as my goſpel, I am not inclined wholly to ſubſtitute your theory in their place. Your principles may be a ſurer ground on which to ſtand, than the immediate impulſe, but in the application of them, you miſs the mark, ſince here you, no leſs than Lavater, make your feelings the judge. When you read

read nothing in men's countenances but deceit, knavery, and villany, as Lavater only reads a concealed treaſure of excellencies, you equally judge from pre-conceived opinions, the reſult of which is, to extract from his Swiſs head, a love, and from your Swabian head, a hatred of mankind."

"It may be ſo; yet while I remain as I am at preſent, 'tis as impoſſible for me to ſwim againſt the ſtream of my conviction as to fly among the clouds, and I cannot comprehend how any one can read mankind but as I do. He who would perſuade me otherwiſe, I only wiſh him my experience."

"A well-meaning wiſh, which goes for juſt as much as the cuſtomary wiſhes on new-year's day. I may not, perhaps, convert you, my friend, but, notwithſtanding, I cannot refrain from giving my humble opinion of the matter. 'Tis the ſame caſe with the readers of features as with the expounders of ſcripture. The New Teſtament is now near two thouſand years old, during which time it has been explained

and re-explained, and explained over again a hundred and a hundred times. There has been no end of the inveſtigations and expoſitions it has undergone, nor will there be an end of them as long as the world laſts; I mean if they continue to anſwer equally well to editors and publiſhers. Exactly ſo, do I expect it will be with the noble ſcience of phyſiognomy. The four quarto volumes of Fragments are, probably, mere atoms compared with the innumerable theories, obſervations, and explanations to which they will give riſe, none of which doubtleſs will be without ſome appearance of plauſibility, as is the caſe with the numerous verſions and explanations of Solomon's Song.

"Pardon me; but the mention of that celebrated piece of Hebrew poetry leads me irreſiſtibly to digreſs for a moment, juſt to obſerve that I too have formed my theory upon it. I conſider it as an enigmatical compoſition of the royal architect's to puzzle the readers of thoſe times, as the logogryph manufacturers of our days jumble together a heterogeneous maſs of contradictions

tradictions merely to amuſe themſelves, in idea, with the brain-thraſhing it will occaſion to thoſe who ſeek its explanation.

" My opinion, however, I know is not a current one. Some ſee, amid theſe endleſs types and figures, an allegorical deſcription of the church of the new covenant, over which a thick veil has purpoſely been thrown, leſt by her charms ſhe ſhould ſo tranſport the elders of the ancient church, as to make them diſguſted with their own liturgy. Others, treating the allegoriſts with ſovereign contempt, and the idea of allegory as a phantom of their brains, find in it nothing more than a nuptial ſong compoſed by the poet on occaſion of his marriage with Pharaoh's daughter. But to this opinion I can by no means aſſent, ſince there was equal reaſon for the royal pluraliſt to have wrote a like rhapſody on all and every of his marriages, in which caſe we ſhould have had ſeven hundred Solomon's ſongs inſtead of only one. Some conſider it as merely a common love ſong, others as a muſical drama; and, finally, others as the moſt ancient treatiſe in exiſt-

ence upon phyſiognomy. Among the adherents to this latter opinion is my neighbour Mr. Rector Brunold, who thinks the pool of Heſhbon, the garden of ſpices, the twin roes, the tower of Lebanon that looks towards Damaſcus, and the like paſſages, incapable of any other than a phyſiognomical explanation. I wiſh I could cordially agree in an idea redounding ſo much to the honour of my beloved ſcience; but, as I have already obſerved, the matter ſtrikes me in a very different light.

"Every one of theſe theory-framers knows how to give ſo plauſible a varniſh to his ſyſtem, that at the firſt moment we are ready to aſſent; but if we compare the one with the other we are at laſt juſt as wiſe as he who never knew there was ſuch a thing exiſting as an explanation of the poem; or, indeed, that it wanted an explanation. 'Tis thus, my friend, with yours and Lavater's ſyſtem of phyſiognomiſing. Each, as we examine it, appears to have truth on its ſide; but if we begin to compare them, and find the concluſions of the one ſo directly oppoſite to the concluſions of the other,

other, we are inclined to conſider the whole ſcience as dubious in the extreme.

"Thus one ſyſtematiſer ever overturns another: for like as the celebrated Dr. Semler of Halle, with his explanations of the Holy-Scriptures, has overturned thoſe of all the ancient fathers of the church; ſo has Lavater, with his ſyſtem of phyſiognomy, overturned that of Ariſtotle, and ſo are you endeavouring to beat down his, while every pupil and follower of you both, after having fought for awhile under your ſtandards, will try to get the aſcendancy, which in their turn they will only retain till a ſtronger comes and ſtrips them of their ſword and armour. Before the mountain of Veſuvius, at the diſtance of eight Italian miles from the city of Naples, ſhall have heaped around her as many more layers of lava as are piled together already, neither the one nor the other of your lucubrations will be any farther regarded.

"For me, I feel myſelf exactly in the ſituation of all who enter into diſputes upon matters of faith. Your ideas have given a concuſſion to my belief, yet I ſhall not

on that account apoſtatiſe, but, on the contrary, am the rather firmly reſolved to hold faſt to my original opinions. If Lavater's phyſiognomical ſyſtem be vain fancy, and deluſion of the ſenſes, I would rather be deceived in this way, and with him conſider worthleſs men as amiable, than with you regard perhaps amiable men as worthleſs. I think I ſhall thus fare better, at leaſt with regard to my ribs, than yourſelf. I cannot however reſiſt the hope, that a courſe of bathing, though it may not be at preſent perfectly in ſeaſon, will effect ſomething towards reconciling you to mankind. Heartily do I wiſh you relieved from your maladies both corporeal and mental; and I doubt not that were your ſituation in theſe reſpects amended, you would ſometimes behold phyſiognomies which you could hail as homogeneous to your own. Would to Heaven it were in my power to contribute in any way towards the amelioration of your fate! Tell me, what are your intentions when your time of bathing is expired? and what are your future proſpects?"

"I have

"I have no proſpects," ſaid he, "but of the wide extended heavens, and theſe are to me far more grateful than the ſight of the varniſhed grovellers under whoſe roofs I will never enter more. Yet I have two bleſſings ſtill in my poſſeſſion, the original natural rights of man, of which no fraud, no tyranny can rob me, liberty and independence. Mankind have releaſed me from all duties towards them; we have nothing in common with each other—they want not me, and truly I want not them. I am the living definition of a pragmatical hiſtorian; I have no country, no friend, neither wife nor child, I am without money, I know no man, am bound by no laws, and belong to no church—the world is to me an iſland of Juan Fernandez. Thus is every thing balanced on this ſide of the moon; the more connection with ſociety, the more bonds and reſtraints; the leſs property, the leſs embaraſſment; the fewer duties, the more freedom."

CHAP. IX.

Various plans for gaining a livelihood.

STRANGE! and yet more ſtrange, thought I.—I pauſed a few moments, looked earneſtly at my companion, and again addreſſed him.

"Sir, you have ſomething ſo perfectly original in all your ſentiments and expreſſions, that I cannot help feeling attracted to you, though, I muſt add, that little as you have flattered me, I have not the leaſt inclination to leave you as my parentator. Your ſpleen, or hypochondriaciſm, give a certain caſt of roughneſs, but at the ſame time of power and energy to all your thoughts and actions, that to the firſt tranſient judgment of an obſerver, appear like, or which, if you pleaſe, by the irrational immediate impulſe, might eaſily be miſtaken for, genius. Yet as I love to return

return ſincerity with ſincerity, I muſt at the ſame time confeſs, that I think you owe all your originality merely to this hypochondriaciſm, deprived of which you would be no more than a common every day character. And this leads me to an idea, which, by Heaven, is no fleeting paſſenger through the brain, but one that I believe to be founded on ſolid grounds, and which the more it is inveſtigated, will be the more firmly eſtabliſhed. This is, that the ſource of our originality, be it of whatever genus or ſpecies it may, whether as a poet, a philoſopher, an artiſt, or a critic, is not to be ſought in the head, but in the inteſtines. The ſeat of yours is in the ſpleen, in another perhaps it may be in the gall-bladder, and in another in the meſenterium. To this laſt place we muſt chiefly refer for poetical originality, ſince the poetiſing vein apparently depends much upon the fulneſs or emptineſs of that part. In ſubjects where the groſs particles that compoſe ſolid beef and pudding are common occupants, poetry is rarely to be found; but

where

where they are ſtrangers, poetry very frequently ſupplies their place.

"Be this as it may, ſhould my wiſh be accompliſhed, and the waters you are now about to try reſtore your phyſical powers, as well as reconcile you to mankind, ſo deeply do I intereſt myſelf in your fate that I would wiſh earneſtly to recommend ſome plan by which you might gain a decent ſubſiſtence, and be enabled to ſettle a more comfortable plan of living than that ſolitary one ſuggeſted by your ſpleen. On this ſubject I have a variety of hints to offer. Were Madame Geoffrin, the protector and benefactor of all literati, ſtill alive, I ſhould undoubtedly recommend a walk to Paris. Well do you deſerve to have been known to that Mæcena. Among the ſwarm of *beaux-eſprits*, poets, philoſophers, and votaries of ſcience of every kind, who conſtantly followed her about like the luminous train of a comet, and whom ſhe clothed, fed, ſupplied with pocket-money, nay, even preſented with rich ſnuff-boxes, watches, and pocket-books, ſcarcely did one poſſeſs a third part of your originality. But, reſt her

her ſoul, noble minded as ſhe was, the grim tyrant would not ſpare even her; ſhe ſleeps with her fathers, without having left any ſucceſſor behind her. However, there are more ways than one into the wood. What think you of ſending your profile to Lavater, that in caſe he ſhould receive a phyſiognomical application from ſome miniſter of ſtate to recommend a prudent, faithful, and reſerved ſecretary, you might become a candidate for the place. All theſe qualities I truly think are to be read in your countenance, particularly that of reſerve, your phyſiognomy being to me a living myſtery. This were putting a ſafe ſtake into the lottery. Is your number drawn a prize, you gain a comfortable ſubſiſtence; and if not, the loſs is merely a ſilhouette. What ſay you, my friend?"

"That the miniſter of ſtate who ſhould receive ſuch a recommendation would be poorly off, and that I think the talents of a ſecretary would be better diſplayed by a ſpecimen of his hand-writing than by the contour of his face. But it could ſcarcely happen, even though the Fragments were

ſwelled

ſwelled to four times four quartos, or, like the Romiſh laws, to ἀχθος καμηλων πολλων, that a prince would be ſo unwiſe as to chuſe his miniſter, or a miniſter ſo unwiſe as to chuſe his ſecretary by his ſilhouette. And, ſhould it happen, never could I think of entering into the ſervice of a man whom I muſt deſpiſe as a fool. No, ſir, the world is not altogether ſo mad, and if you have nothing better to propoſe, I may yet hunger for you."

"Oh yes, only have patience! If your wiſh be to eat with the leaſt poſſible labour, as is the caſe with many a cunning fellow now-a-days, I can furniſh hints by which your table might be eaſily covered for twelve years; or rather, by which the neceſſity for its being covered at all would be ſuperſeded. 'Tis indeed only *menſa ambulatoria*, and by no means inconſiſtent with your pedeſtrianiſing diſpoſition. Dr. Zuckert not long ago wrote a book upon nutritious and anti-nutritious ſubſtances, in which, after mankind had been eating and drinking very comfortably for ſeveral thouſand years, he firſt demonſtrated what was, and what was not, proper food for the

human frame, to the end that we might be fully inſtructed what things we ought to abſtain from, and what we may eat with ſafety. But ſince he has neglected to give any regular arrangement of the anti-nutritives, and to ſpecify them as minutely as the nutritives, I think it might anſwer your purpoſe to undertake a ſyſtematic claſſification of the former, and publiſh it with a prefatory eſſay upon atrophial bodies. This would not be a laborious work, ſince there are few things in nature that the human ſtomach cannot digeſt and convert into a ſalutary chyle. For which reaſon naturaliſts aſſert, that amid the whole animal creation there is not a ſingle being, the ſea-wolf excepted, ſo voracious as man. Indeed, ſince the celebrated Wittenberg ſtone-eater diſcovered that the flints from the brook belonged to the claſs of nutritives, and ſince, according to an old tradition, the ſquadron of Weinſberg knights ate every thing made of leather, even to the fire buckets and pipes, before they would ſurrender the town to the Emperor Conrad, I know of few things,

plough-

plough-ſhares, ſpades, and horſe-ſhoes excepted, that may not be conſidered as eatables. Now if you would undertake a treatiſe upon theſe, to be publiſhed by ſubſcription, with a dedication to the literary republic, and carry a copy round yourſelf to all your ſubſcribers, you could not fail of being honoured with a dinner from each in addition to the ſubſcription money. And as the members of the literary republic amount now to ſix thouſand and thirteen, every one of whom would of courſe ſubſcribe to your work, this would be ſix thouſand and thirteen dinners in your way, which, allowing for the proper ratio of mortalities during that period, would provide you for at leaſt twelve years. Indeed, I think your ſtomach would derive more advantage from this purſuit, than from ſeeking the twelve hundred graſſes of Linnæus."

"That were to feed myſelf at the public coſt, a plan which ſeldom fails of ſucceſs, and which perfectly coincides with the taſte of the preſent times, indeed with that of every refined æra, when luxury keeps the mind

mind of the genius of ſtratagem conſtantly employed in deviſing means to provide, at the expence of others, and with the leaſt poſſible inconvenience to himſelf, for the thouſand imaginary wants ſhe occaſions. I am, therefore, not at all ſurpriſed when I behold every arithmetical head planning ſome Miſſiſippi ſcheme for its own advantage, as the miniſter Law formerly directed his calculations for promoting the intereſts of the general treaſury of the crown of France. But my wants are more moderate, nor would conſtrain me to have recourſe to ſuch ſubterfuges; and ſince the introducing myſelf abruptly into the room where I unfortunately found my protector not, as I expected, at the piquet table, was attended with ſuch diſaſtrous conſequences, I have ſworn never again to intrude upon any man living, either as a client, an author, or, leaſt of all, as a paraſite."

"Follow your own humour, ſir, a man's will is his kingdom of heaven. Yet I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould not take a ſeat among your contemporaries as an author, even if you reject all intercourſe with them as a man.

man. Authorſhip is an honourable trade; and your whole appearance and manner convince me that 'tis one in which you are very capable of engaging. Of this, perhaps, you do not yourſelf feel ſuch perfect confidence. Yet conſider, that ſince, as Dr. Krunitz informs us, the beneficent corporation of German bookſellers at preſent feed no leſs than five thouſand dependents with their barley bread, it could not be a difficult matter to ſteal in, as a ſupernumerary gueſt, at a table round which ſuch a number are ſeated. I do not intend, moreover, that you ſhould eat without writing, but write to eat; nor ſhould I find any difficulty in pointing out various other ſubjects for the exerciſe of your pen, beſides that already mentioned, and which I doubt not would anſwer equally well, but that perhaps in this reſpect each man is his own beſt counſellor. For ſince human wit is inexhauſtible in deviſing new materials of which to make paper, it can ſcarcely be ſuppoſed leſs fertile in reſources for furniſhing the paper when made. And as one of theſe new plans for paper-making

is

is to collect all old and obsolete books, to scour them well, and then to put them into the mill to be re-manufactured, so I think that it might not be impossible to scour and furbish up the old furniture of the books so as to render it fit to inhabit its former lodgings again, even after they are repaired and beautified. In truth it appears to me as credible as were it a prophecy of the great Laurence Rohrdommel's himself, that in time the whole manufacture of literature will be no more than a great wash, in which the manufacturers will have nothing to do but to wash out again what their predecessors have dirtied. Under such circumstances, indeed, immortality would be a bad speculation: but since you write for food only, not for reputation, immortality would hardly be your aim. And if diffidence in your own powers be one obstacle in your way, and you be really apprehensive of the character your efforts may obtain among posterity, you need only recur to the consolatory idea that the washer will soon come and posterity know nothing at all about the matter."

"Truly

"Truly I begin to feel ſome reliſh for your propoſal. And if you be, as I ſuſpect, a concealed bookſeller yourſelf, and your companion there one of your agents, we may at this moment ſtrike a bargain for the firſt offspring of my muſe, my humour, or my hypochondriaciſm, provided we can agree upon the form it ſhall take."

"Look ye, my friend!—Your method of phyſiognomiſing, which you hold to be infallible, is no leſs deceitful than mine. You conſider my propoſals in the light of actions; and, comparing them with my features and behaviour, draw a concluſion which, notwithſtanding, is erroneous. I ſometimes, 'tis true, carry on a merchandiſe with corn and cattle, but do not, like Sebaldus Nothanker's friend Jeronymo, unite with it the trade of a bookſeller. Nevertheleſs, if you be ſeriouſly diſpoſed to turn author, any aſſiſtance that lies in my power is perfectly at your ſervice. I have ſome intereſt among the literary brokers; and as ſoon as your offspring ſhall be ſufficiently matured to bring into the world, I can engage to promiſe you a happy

happy delivery, moſt ſincerely wiſhing that the babe may prove healthful, and amply repay all your toils and anxieties. As to what concerns the materials of the work I would humbly adviſe that you tap a caſk which you have filled yourſelf, and conſequently know what it contains, that ſo you may ſerve your gueſts with your own growth. Though 'tis now rather more the cuſtom among authors to do like the innkeeper, who being too poor to keep any ſtores in his own cellar, when a cuſtomer wanted a bottle of good liquor, uſed to run to the neareſt warehouſe and draw a little from one caſk, and a little from another, till he had made a mixture that ſcarcely any one could drink. What ſay you to drawing out at large your *curriculum vitæ* which you have given me only in the abſtract; but which, if properly ſpread, would make three or four full ſized volumes. Or if you be troubled with any bodily complaint, ſuch as gout, ſtone, rheumatiſm, aſthma, a complaint in the eyes, or hypochondriaciſm—and with the latter you certainly are afflicted—here is ample

ample matter for commencing authorſhip, ſince there is nothing with which the literati of the preſent time are more prone to amuſe the public, or in which they ſeem to think the public takes a greater intereſt, than in a detail of their own infirmities."

"And you would have me a mere follower of theſe diatetics?—No; I ſhall ſeek ſome untrodden path; though, undoubtedly, that will be hard to find in a field which no leſs than ſix thouſand perſons are now traverſing; meanwhile I acknowledge, with gratitude, your good-will and eagerneſs to furniſh me with the means of ſubſiſtence; but perhaps the manufacture you recommend may already be pretty well ſtocked with ſupernumeraries."

"By no means. The Britiſh naval department is not more deficient in ſailors than the German literary department in underſtrappers. Many a cruiſer is withheld from ſetting out upon a voyage for want of hands to navigate it, and many a one that has ſailed is, for the ſame reaſon, no longer able to keep the ſea. Has not the Iris been obliged to unrig and make

over

over her hands to the Mercury * to complete her complement? and have not Rehders, Wieland, Nicolai, Boje, Meyer, Varrentrapp Son and Wenner, ſent out one literary preſs-gang after another, to lay hands upon all the effective men that ſhould fall in their way. Yet after all, it might perhaps anſwer better to equip a little boat yourſelf, and freight it entirely upon your own account, than to ſail under any foreign flag."

"To this I ſhall readily aſſent, ſince I own I ſhould not like to reſign, as an author, the independence I at preſent poſſeſs as a man. But proceed, ſir, in your inſtructions."

"Concerning the outward form and figure of this offspring of your mind, great care muſt be taken to make that attractive to the eye, ſince the book devourers commonly follow the ſame criterion in forming their judgment of a book as the epicures of another kind in forming theirs of a diſh.

* The Iris and the Mercury were both names given to periodical publications. The Mercury ſtill ſubſiſts.

Both phyſiognomiſe their reſpective objects; and if it be not fair to the eye, commonly, without farther inveſtigation, reject the contents. The German Mercury wears not its ſea-green frock, nor the Muſeum its fleſh-coloured livery, merely as garments to cover their nudity, but as we wear gold lace round our coats, from vanity, and that they may make a better appearance in the public eye. And I really think, ſir, that were you to dreſs your children in a puce-coloured coat with a narrow gold border, whatever were the contents, they would be ſure of general favour."

"But what if I were to confeſs my apprehenſions, that, entirely withered as is my genius, it would be impoſſible to preſs from it either oil or any ſpirited fluid?"

"I ſee not the leaſt reaſon for ſuch fears. I ſhould be more afraid that you may be like the cattle of the Hottentots, which will not voluntarily give one drop of milk; all muſt be forcibly drawn from them. I will not, however, be the perſon to uſe this conſtraint; I will only offer good counſel. If

you

you think you cannot do anything of yourſelf, another idea ſtrikes me which ſhall not be withheld. I once knew a man who had an extraordinary talent at ſtripping the ſkin and feathers altogether off birds, and ſtuffing them with ſtraw and paper-ſhavings, ſo that the animals appeared exactly as if alive. He had ſoon a train of admirers and followers, who immediately began to apply the principle to various other matters. One promiſed long ago to ſkin the ancient fathers, another fell with his anatomical knife upon romances, another upon hiſtories, another upon travels. Now what if you were to ſtrip the ſkin off ſome corpulent work, the French Encyclopædia for inſtance, and freſh ſtuff it?"

"In truth, ſir, I ſhould never have expected ſo many projects from your flat phyſiognomy. Doubtleſs you may have abundance of others in ſtore; but I fear I ſhall not be able to make uſe of any. To write even for women and children, ſaid one who took in all things with a ſingle coup-d'œil, is no ſmall undertaking; but to write for men!—No, I will ſooner be

a tobacco planter. My lands, 'tis true, produce no wheat, but I will not therefore plant them with weeds, though weeds may in theſe times fetch a better price than wheat. I am in a certain ſenſe an ἀναλφαβητος, my *opera omnia* ſhall never with my knowledge and conſent be made the prey of any bookſeller's ſhop or printing-preſs."

"And becauſe, according to your opinion, your land will not produce wheat, would you therefore leave it quite fallow? —Truly I ſee no ſenſe in that. You are at daggers drawn with mankind; you complain of the kicks and cuffs you receive from your fellow mortals; what reſource is there for raiſing yourſelf up again in the world, but your land. Cultivate it well, then, and you will be conſidered by the whole pariſh as a valuable and uſeful inhabitant. He who cannot intrench himſelf behind the nullity of birth, or the reality of wealth, or ſhield himſelf within the armour of ſome poſt of honour, muſt make himſelf of account in the world by the powers of his mind, that he may not

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be thruſt aſide, or run over by every block-head. Whoever ſuffers his land to lie fallow, or at leaſt does not hedge it round, muſt not be ſurpriſed if 'tis conſidered as common, and other people turn their ſheep and cattle upon it. The indolent always come ſhort home in the country. Why would you bury your talents under a dunghill? Should you ſucceed in your efforts, and unite at once the golden harveſt of gain with the laurel wreath of renown, take my word for it, this would do much more towards healing your bruiſes than a courſe of bathing."

"The laurel wreath may indeed, with many, be a ſtrong allurement to authorſhip; but for me, I want only wherewithal to procure me bread. Copying muſic, indeed, is not likely to acquire any wreath, yet it is, notwithſtanding, a ſure mound againſt the inroads of poverty, and has, moreover, this powerful recommendation, that it lays me under obligations to no man."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "how many people are there in the world of

whoſe riches there appears no end, who watch them, like the dragon in the fable, yet know as little as the dragon how to uſe them, while numbers of honeſt and worthy fellow-creatures languiſh in poverty! Sir, will you accept a birth with me? You ſhall want for nothing; I grow potatoes ſufficient to feed you. Or would you rather have a recommendation elſewhere? I could give you one to a wealthy man, Dr. Glaſer by name, who is my warm friend, and who, I doubt not, would, on a ſingle word from me, take you under his protection. 'Tis true his wealth is not at preſent above ground; but as he is the owner of a conſiderable quantity of land among the Henneberg mountains, where, according to the hypotheſis of a certain author, an immenſe treaſure of rock-ſalt lies concealed *, it would be a ſhame and a ſin if ſuch a Crœſus, even before he is in abſolute poſſeſſion of his wealth, would not afford ſhelter to a worthy and neceſſitous

* See phyſical cauſes for believing that a great treaſure of rock-ſalt lies concealed in the Henneberg mountains. Leipſick, 1776.

brother

brother who otherwiſe might ſtarve while the treaſure is digging up. But I know he is a friend to mankind; not one who ſpeculates upon the hope of a twofold payment, but who gives for the love of God whenever he ſees a brother in need."

"Well, ſir," ſaid Sempronius. He ſtole a little aſide, while I ſat expecting his return every moment. But long enough did I wait. I piped, I called, I ſought him in every buſh in vain;—the treaſure was gone. If he did not poſſeſs Gyges's ring, at leaſt he muſt have been as light of foot as Aſahel. From that hour to this I have never ſeen him.

All day did I ſit lamenting the loſs of his ſociety; and as the eye is always ready to believe it ſees what the mind wiſhes, I thought continually that I beheld him returning. Every man whom I eſpied at a diſtance I was convinced was Sempronius; and when I ſaw no man, I took a buſh, a poſt, or whatever elſe I did ſee for him, till at laſt my patience was completely exhauſted by theſe frequent illuſions, and the ſcorpion laſh of *ennui*, under the goad-

ings of which I had not ſmarted for the ſpace of a whole year, began once again to aſſail me. My ſpleen too was ſet afloat; I felt the honour of my beloved ſcience wounded by the reflections that had been caſt upon it, and being now not very well pleaſed with its aſperſer, I wiſhed the more earneſtly to convince myſelf of the futility of his aſperſions.

After all, I thought, 'tis impoſſible not to allow ſome merit to phyſiognomy, however backbiters may wiſh to traduce its fair fame. No one can deny that at leaſt it affords a ſatisfactory amuſement to the mind, which is ſo much the more intereſting ſince every ſtudent will imperceptibly intermix a degree of perſonality into the ſtudy. We meaſure our own faces in idea with all that come before us, be they ſilhouettes, portraits, buſts, or the archetype of them all, fleſh and bones. And moſt certain it is, that we always make a ſecret convention with ourſelves beforehand, that this compariſon ſhall not be to our own diſadvantage, but rather to our infinite advantage and exaltation. When any one looks

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over the numberleſs ſketches in the Fragments, and reads of this, that 'tis a glorious, of that, that 'tis a noble, of another, that 'tis a ſublime phyſiognomy, and then ſees that, highly as they are panegyriciſed, they are yet no more than human faces, like his own, he muſt draw a concluſion very flattering to ſelf-love, and one that will not a little ſtrengthen and confirm his faith in the ſcience. Comes he afterwards to a tablet of fools, rogues, and coxcombs, the ſame wit which before was ſo buſy in finding out reſemblances, is now employed in detecting differences. And in this, no leſs than in the former inſtance, he finds it an eaſy matter to ſettle the buſineſs perfectly to the ſatisfaction of the above-named ſelf-love, till at length he is preciſely in the ſituation of a traveller who goes to ſee Bedlam, and when his curioſity is ſatisfied, croſſes himſelf, and bleſſes God that he is not ſuch a man.

I am particularly of opinion that the turning over the Fragments is a moſt grateful employment to the female mind. 'Tis impoſſible for one of that ſex to con-

template the groupe of female phyſiognomy without drawing concluſions highly gratifying to that vanity, which, pardon me, fair readers, may almoſt be ſaid to be an innate inhabitant of the ſnowy boſom. A vanity never better pleaſed than with the idea of diſplaying more lovely features than any brought into compariſon with them. And, indeed, though mother Nature ſhould not have been particularly laviſh in the donation of her charms, 'tis eaſy for the contemplator to arrive at this moſt ſatisfactory conviction, ſince the artiſts, one and all, have taken eſpecial care that no ſtrikingly beautiful female face ſhall appear throughout the whole four quartos, to the too great humiliation of the one ſex, and to the imminent hazard of kindling unholy wiſhes in the boſoms of the other.

If then I am willing to allow the anti-phyſiognomiſts that the ſtudy of phyſiognomy is a mere plaything, a ſport of the fancy, they muſt grant, on the other hand, that 'tis the moſt harmleſs, the moſt intereſting, and the moſt amuſing game ever deviſed

deviſed by human wit for the relief of idle heads. I am therefore of opinion that Maſter Lichtenberg * has done very ill in ſeeking to deprive the public of their toy, as a ſevere ſchoolmaſter takes a penny drum or trumpet from his ſcholars, becauſe they make a noiſe with it about the ſtreets. In our age of ſports, when every thing has two ſides, ſo that it may ſerve as a ſubject either for buſineſs or for play:—when military tactics, for inſtance, are made equally the diverſion of the great and the buſineſs of the little, and ſerve alike in the field to direct the attack of a baſtion, and, in the academy, that of a paſty; when even the moſt venerable and ſerious things muſt be dreſſed in gala clothes, if they would excite attention and become attractive, I think people ſhould not be ſo ready to raiſe Peter's ſword, and cut off the ear of one who has invented them a new game. For my own part, I am reſolved to pay no attention to this harſh preceptor, but to perſevere in playing

* Upon Phyſiognomy againſt the Phyſiognomiſts.

with my phyſiognomical bilboquet; and with good reaſon, ſince I have found it as effectual an antidote againſt *ennui* as the journey I have undertaken has proved a barrier againſt the gout, by which I have uſually been attacked at this time of the year.

From theſe premiſes I truſt I ſhall draw a concluſion not leſs incontrovertible than glorious for phyſiognomy, and upon which none of its adherents, to the beſt of my knowledge, have hitherto fallen. According to the ingenious Pinto's * opinion, the invention of card-playing, and the univerſality it ſoon obtained, occaſioned a total revolution in European manners. If that be true—and ſince it is a poſition far above my comprehenſion, I will not pretend to doubt its truth—it may well be preſumed that the revival of ſo noble a ſcience as phyſiognomy will occaſion another revolution much more extenſive and remarkable. According to the propoſition I have laid down, both tend to the ſame

* Pinto's Letter to Diderot, Hague, 19th May 1777. See German Mercury, January 1778.

purpoſe,

purpoſe, though not, perhaps, invented with the ſame views. I therefore earneſtly wiſh that ſome learned academician would write a programma upon my hypotheſis, as Pinto wiſhed for one upon his. Were it but fully eſtabliſhed as a principle that phyſiognomiſing is the moſt effectual of all mithridates againſt the poiſon of *ennui*, then would it ſoon obtain the influence of which it is capable over the manners and opinions of the world. It would render them more induſtrious, pious, and upright, than any ſyſtem of morals that ever iſſued from the heart of pious zealot or ſplenetic philoſopher, or even from the politic brain of any follower of Loyola. Then, too, muſt every adverſary of the ſcience be compelled to acknowledge the falſehood of the aſſertion that a man's time is better employed in planting oaks than in ſtudying phyſiognomy. On the contrary, I am firmly of opinion that card-playing and phyſiognomiſing will hold their balance firmly againſt planting oaks. In fact, the three employments tend exactly to the ſame purpoſe both in their preſent

preſent and diſtant views. The preſent view in all is but a nullity, ſport, and paſtime; but the diſtant view is an important reality. In planting oaks, we look forwards to the mighty veſſels that ſhall hereafter plough the main, and to the blazing fires that will cheer our hearths amid the froſts of winter; and in phyſiognomiſing and card-playing to the invigorating of our genius, the ſetting our brains in action, giving power, energy, and elaſticity to our minds. Let men only have played as long at phyſiognomy as they have at cards, and we ſhall ſee wonders.

If in my own perſon I have not hitherto conſidered this noble ſtudy as mere paſtime, but rather purſued it as a buſineſs of the firſt importance, I ſtill cannot but allow, when I take a retroſpect of my feelings, that my ardour in the purſuit has had a ſtrong affinity to the unquenchable thirſt for gaming which pervades ſo many boſoms. Amuſe me, however, it certainly does, not leſs than the piquet parties with Sempronia amuſed Mr. Principal of the Chamber of Finances; and, when deſerted

by my phyſiognomical companion, nay worſe, when in my ſolitary way, I found no congenial ſoul to ſupply his place, I felt, like a bankrupt gameſter with whom none will venture a bet. Sempronius had, indeed, ſhaken my whole phyſiognomical faith. Through him all my principles and experience reeled and tottered hither and thither like the turrets and moſques at Smyrna in a fearful earthquake; yet ſtill I could talk with him on the ſubject, and that was everything to me. I thought, indeed, to have derived benefit from the intercourſe, to have whetted my own knowledge by colliſion with his; but here I was miſtaken. The ſtone was too ſharp, and not only notched the edge but had almoſt poliſhed away all conviction from my brain, and left my ſoul not leſs oppreſſed with torturing doubts, than on that fatal morning when Mark gave ſuch a death-ſtroke to my theory. In this reſpect, however, I found ample conſolation by re-calling to mind what the evangeliſt Lavater ſays, that 'tis impoſſible to be a good phyſiognomiſt without the advantage

of

of a good figure. Well then, friend Sempronius, thought I, thou certainly canſt not be a *good* phyſiognomiſt; I even doubt whether thou art a phyſiognomiſt at all; thou ſurely canſt not be more than a fragment of one.

This conviction was like a drop of cordial to my heart. Little more was wanting fully to re-eſtabliſh my former opinions, and that little I thought could in no way be ſo readily acquired as by ſeeking ſome firm brother in the faith, whoſe heart would palpitate reſponſively to mine, with whom I could cordially exchange the embrace of amity and love, could prove and examine anew all my doctrines and opinions. This, therefore, I reſolved ſhould be my next object, not doubting but that, ere many days were paſſed, all my heſitations would be quieted, and my faith rendered even more firm by this ſhort interval of apparent falling away.

Juſt at the period when this reſolution was taken, I found myſelf on the heights that border upon Franconia. My friend

Sportler

Sportler was inſtantly in my mind; never could anything happen more opportunely; he was the very brother I wanted. I ſpurred on my Cimbrian, and ſoon reached Geroldſheim, without let or interruption.

CHAP. X.

My fourth Reſting-Place.

The Incognito.

THE traveller and the philanthropiſt, the lover and the miſanthrope, ſays our maſter, all act according to their phyſiognomical judgment, whether true or falſe, whether clear or confuſed. That this is a fact I can aſſert with confidence, ſince I had ocular demonſtration to that effect in my friend Sportler's houſe at Geroldſheim in Franconia. People wholly ſtrangers, who are thrown together by accident, and have no key with which to unlock the myſteries of their mutual perſonality, and to gain ſome knowledge of each other, catch at the picklock of the phyſiognomical impulſe, and draw their reſpective concluſions from the outward form and manners. All which, by a perſon expert at the buſineſs,

is

is performed ſo rapidly, that, in a few ſeconds after his entrance among a circle wholly unknown to him, he has made himſelf acquainted with as much of the general characters of all preſent as is neceſſary for common purpoſes. From the manners he learns at once whether he be in the company of citizens or philoſophers, of tinkers or beaux-eſprits; and the form tells him whether there be a phyſiognomical mind preſent that vibrates reſponſively to his own, and how far he ſhall be accredited amid the company where he is entering. For the phyſiognomical glance diſtinguiſhes a brother inſtantaneouſly, as two enemies' patroles recognize each other the moment they become reciprocally viſible.

Nor is this manœuvre confined to man alone; it ſeems to be a fundamental principle inſtilled by dame Nature into every thing that poſſeſſes the finer organization of animal life. Who has not obſerved that, when two ſtrange cocks meet in a yard, before they begin a combat, or in the intervals of repoſe between each renewal of the attack, they phyſiognomize each other

other with the utmoſt keenneſs and penetration, as if each was examining into the very ſoul of its antagoniſt. Cats, in like manner, who are the moſt aſſiduous and perſevering of all phyſiognomiſts, the trueſt objects of the ſcience, and highly deſerving of a particular eſſay, nay even of an additional quarto on their ſcientific attainments; cats will ſtand by the hour together, phyſiognomiſing each other wth half-winking eyes, and miauling out an interchange of their phyſiognomical diſcoveries. Rams, bullocks, ſtags, and other beaſts, all bear their challenges upon their foreheads in letters perfectly legible. The dog ſpecies alone ſeems an exception to this general rule. They, at a firſt interview, be their intentions to offer a challenge or to make a tender of friendſhip, inſtead of ſtriking the phyſiognomical chord, to ſee whether it produces concord or diſcord, always proceed, and from time immemorial have proceeded, upon a plan diametrically oppoſite: a problem for which I do not know that any writer, ſave the entertaining Phædrus, has endeavoured ſatisfactorily to account.

If

If, therefore, Eſlinger of Frankfort be of opinion that in his Eſſay upon the phyſiognomical knowledge of horſes he has advanced anything rich and even new, he is grievouſly miſtaken. Every animal that was encloſed in the ark with the Patriarch Noah is manifeſtly as good a phyſiognomiſt as the horſe, or his couſin-german the aſs. I will allow, however, that moſt men phyſiognomize only like the horſe, and the baſtard ſcions of his ſtock. According to the above-mentioned eſſay, the horſe can judge of the qualities and powers of all people about him, particularly of his rider, as far, at leaſt, as thoſe qualities and powers have any relation to the horſe, from his phyſiognomy; and, in conformity with the deductions ſo made, he either ſuffers himſelf patiently to be dreſſed, bridled, ſaddled, and mounted, or rears, kicks, plunges, and endeavours to throw his rider. In like manner do the common herd of phyſiognomiſts merely examine the features of ſtrangers, as far as they appear to bear any relation to themſelves, and then proceed after the faſhion of their quadrupedian exemplar.

He

He only who ſmacks his whip and is not ſparing of the ſpur, is ſafe in the ſaddle; that is to ſay, in whomſoever they perceive a manifeſt phyſiognomical ſuperiority, they let them mount, carry them with ſafety and eaſe, are friendly, modeſt, good-humoured, tractable, and never attempt to be roguiſh or reſtive. But where they have reaſon to think the ſuperiority on their own ſide, they ſnort, and rear, and prick up their ears, and never ceaſe their pranks till they have fairly got the maſtery. All this I can affirm with confidence, from the reception I met with in the family of my friend Sportler.

It was on a moſt delicious moon-light evening that I firſt diſcovered at a diſtance the turrets of the Caſtle of Geroldſheim. I had laid a plan in my own mind to ſurpriſe the chief magiſtrate, and try whether he had really an idea of my phyſiognomy from the ſilhouette I had ſent him, conſequently whether heart would fly to heart at the firſt glance. This plan, courteous reader, once arranged, thou wilt readily believe I was not a little impatient to carry

into

into effect. Unhappy Cimbrian! innocent thou, yet wert thou doomed the ſufferer by my impatience!—The nearer I approached, the more did I ſpur him forwards, till at length he carried me ſafe into an inn in the very heart of the town. I immediately wrapped myſelf in my great coat, and ſet out *ſolus* for the caſtle, delighting myſelf all the way with the thought of my incognito, like a pantaloon at a maſquerade, who comes and banters all his aſſociates and acquaintance, telling them ſtories to perplex them, while all the time he remains himſelf undetected.

But alas! too often does it happen, that how well ſoever ſuch a ſcheme may be planned, it all ends in ſmoke, and as we went, ſo we may return. The maſter, I was informed, was in the country, and the reſt of the family, conſiſting of a wife, a daughter, the lap-dog, and the ſervants, were all gone to church. With this ininformation the porter ſhut the door in my face, and left me to ſtand before it as long as I was inclined. I immediately ſuppoſed they were attending a nocturnal funeral; and

and having nothing elſe to do, thought I might as well join the party. On I went, therefore, directed by the tower of the church till I reached the ſtructure itſelf; when, to my utter aſtoniſhment, I found that locked up—deſolate, forſaken. This is not fair, thought I, to ſerve a man in an autumn month as if it were the firſt of April, but I ſoon met a veteran who explained the whole enigma.

The paſtor of the place, he ſaid, had by conſent of the ſupreme magiſtracy, made a variety of changes in the church ritual. The accuſtomed prayers in the church during ſun-ſhine, he had transferred to a verdant lawn by moon-ſhine. The plants of foreign growth, ſuch as myrrh, aloes, and caſſia, he had rooted out from the hymn-book, and planted in their ſtead violets, roſes, and jeſſamine. And now no more were to be retained in the evening hymn, the couplet:

> The ſun's bright beams from us are gone,
> And night's dark gloom apace comes on.

but in their place were to be ſubſtituted,

The

The moon ſhines lovely, clear, and bright,
We praiſe thee, Lord, by her ſoft light.

Yet as this formula would not do at the times when the moon did not illumine our part of the globe, at ſuch periods the church ſervice was retained in the uſual form, and the old couplet allowed to be ſung. Thoſe perſons, therefore, who were enemies to all innovation, yet did not like to contend this matter with the ſhepherd of their ſouls, were only devout during the laſt quarter, and the new of the moon.

Now, ſince I conſider it as a ſacred duty of every traveller, whether ſentimental, curious, expeditious, obſervant, botanical, lythographical, phylological, geographical, aſtronomical, or phyſiognomical, to inquire into the peculiar cuſtoms and manners of every place at which he touches, for the entertainment and inſtruction of his readers, if he travel for the purpoſe of publiſhing his travels, as is the caſe with moſt travellers now-a-days—ſince, I ſay, I conſider this as a ſacred duty, I haſtened towards the ſpot whither the old man directed me,

that I might be myſelf witneſs of ſo extraordinary a phænomenon.

On a beautiful lawn, juſt without the town, I found the flock aſſembled, very modeſtly and commodiouſly arranged in long rows, with their faces towards the eaſt, fronting the brilliant orb, now erected into a ſort of idol. The preacher was not, according to the uſual cuſtom, placed *vis-a-vis* to his audience, but ſtood in the midſt of the front row, like a major when he is about to charge at the head of his battalion, probably leſt, by being otherwiſe ſituated, he might have intercepted the view of the lovely moon from ſome of his ſheep. Whether it were the novelty of the thing, or that the moon really has ſome ſecret power over the mind, as over the ocean, to cauſe its ebb and flow, certain it is that I was ſeized with a ſort of ſentimental agitation at beholding ſuch a number of pious ſouls aſſembled together in ſo ſweet a place, and by this ſoothing light, for the ſolemn purpoſes of devotion; I was ſoon ſtruck with the appearance of two bright flame-coloured cloaks, in the midſt of the aſ-

ſembly,

ſembly, which looked like new tiled houſes amid a ſurrounding heap of moſſy ſtraw-thatched cottages. From the phyſiognomy of theſe I was led immediately to ſuppoſe that they muſt belong to the Sportler family. To prevent any interruption of the devotion, I would not preſs among the aſſembly, but took my ſtation at the end of a row, paying, however, eſpecial attention to keeping the flame-coloured cloaks within my view.

The miniſter now held a moſt elaborate oration, which I ſhould feel ſtrongly inclined to preſent at large to the reader, were it not that the orator himſelf is preparing a volume for the preſs, againſt the next fair, intitled, "*Sermons by moonſhine, for the Illumination of a darkened World.*" I will, however, give a ſhort ſpecimen, leſt any accident ſhould intervene, to delay the intended publication.

"Receive me, holy nature, into thy ſhade!—Wearied with his labours to cultivate in the barren ſoil of the human heart, the bleſſed plants of religion and virtue, the pious pilgrim ſeeks repoſe under thy wings."—This effuſion perplexed me.—

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I could not underſtand how the cultivation of religion and virtue ſhould be a labour to the pious pilgrim, much leſs one of ſo very ſoul-wearying a nature.—" Ah how lovely and ſacred is every thing around!—Sacred and lovely, ſoft-waving nature, as the Temple of the living God. Oh thou mortal, who raſhly dareſt to preſume that no Godhead lives in any temple, no Father eternal in the arching Heavens, come hither and confeſs the goodneſs of the Lord in theſe ſtars, which amid the ſolemn ſtillneſs of the night, he has given to ſhine upon us; in this glimmering of the ſilver moon between the trees, as the rays of comfort ſhining into the afflicted ſoul!"—With permiſſion I would obſerve, that the moon certainly is a very lovely object, yet we have much ſtronger proofs of the eternal Father's goodneſs to mortals, than in the rays that ſhe caſts upon us.

" Come then, my brethren, to my boſom! let me preſs ye to my heart, let me ſhew ye how good the Lord is, that he hath granted us here to meet together in the coolneſs and ſtillneſs of this evening, to drink refreſhment to our bodies by its balmy dews, and comfort to our ſouls by

devotion!

devotion! Brethren, ye ſee theſe tears, they flow for the goodneſs of the Lord, they cry to you, ſee how good he is, and how ſweet is his love poured out in the ſacred chalice of nature!—come, and that ye may be bleſſed as I am, kneel and join with me in prayer."

I was going here, Reader, to have commented again upon the new ſyſtem of the dews of evening being ſo peculiarly ſalutary to the body, and to have obſerved that the paſtor might be a good divine, but was certainly no phyſician. Yet apprehenſive, that were I to go on at this rate with text and commentary, I ſhould be thought to treſpaſs even beyond the great latitude for ſpinning out our ſubject, uſually allowed to us book-makers, I have checked myſelf, and return to my narrative.

And after all, to view that with the ſober microſcope of reaſon, which was addreſſed only to the cornucopia of the feelings, is, perhaps, to be ſomewhat too ſevere. If, therefore, the ſentimental perorant did talk ſomewhat of jargon, or, as the French term it, *Galimatia*, he muſt be pardoned.

'Tis moreover certain that ſuch big ſounding nothings make a ſtronger impreſſion upon the audience than paſſages of ſolid and ſubſtantial reaſon. They are like the airs of an opera in the new Italian taſte; they ſound ſo fine and full-toned to the ear, that, for the ſake of the muſic, the auditor never thinks of inveſtigating the ſenſe of the words.

By this clue I think I can now ſolve a problem which has hitherto much perplexed me. I have often remarked that thoſe preachers who are the moſt admired in their pulpits, and followed from church to church by an aſtoniſhed and applauding congregation, when, by the earneſt entreaties, nay almoſt compulſion of their friends, they are induced to commit their works to the preſs, ſeldom come off with whole ſkins, but are inſtantly attacked by the whole legion of critics, and their ſkins fairly ſtripped over their ears. While, on the contrary, others whoſe harangues are found in the pulpit mere compoſing-draughts, when laid before the eye of underſtanding, receive that applauſe they had ſought in vain,

vain, while addreſſed only to the ear. And moſt naturally, ſince theſe are calculated entirely for the heart and mind, whereas in the other caſe, the modulation takes ſuch entire poſſeſſion of the ſenſes, that the underſtanding is put wholly out of the queſtion. 'Tis therefore not ſurpriſing that the critical Apollo ſhould flay the Marſyas, whom the Midas-ears of his audience had crowned with ſuch applauſe. And hence we may draw a concluſion, that what no man can endure to hear, may be printed, and the homilitical productions which, from the applauſe they receive, almoſt make the roof of the church ſhake, ſhould, if the author would act diſcreetly, be laid by upon inacceſſible ſhelves, as mother Nature preſerves her treaſure of rock-ſalt in the ſubterraneous clefts of the Henneberg mountains. But I beg pardon, Reader, I am ſtill digreſſing.

When the moonlight devotions of the aſſembly were ended, and the party mingled indiſcriminately together, I kept my eyes upon the flame-coloured cloaks, and ſoon ſaw them joined by a man in a white

cloak, who immediately tendered his arm to the elder of the two, which was graciouſly accepted. In a duſky footpath between the hedges of two gardens, I took an opportunity of joining company with the deſired objects, by accoſting the ſolitary damſel, with,—" Am I right, Madam? do I not addreſs the young lady of the caſtle?"

A condeſcending curteſy ſeemed to reply in the affirmative, and in a moment after I was ſurpriſed with hearing an exclamation, in a kind of tranſport,—" Mama, as I live, couſin Anthony:"—and finding myſelf preſented to the elderly lady.

She received me with great ceremony and politeneſs, made many excuſes for the abſence of her huſband, with ſome gentle and kind reproaches upon this very unexpected but moſt agreeable ſurpriſe, concluding with kind inquiries after the health of my ſon. The miſtake pleaſed my fancy, and I therefore cheriſhed it in my anſwer, which imported in fact no more than that I was her huſband's intimate friend. After giving me a cordial invitation

tion to the caſtle, we proceeded on our march, when I ſoon perceived a little delicate hand creeping through the ſleeve of my coat, and taking me by the arm. It was the hand of the daughter; for the white cloak ſeemed to have no inclination to part with the arm of which he had previouſly gotten poſſeſſion; a want of *politeſſe* I very readily pardoned. How did I wiſh that this nocturnal walk had laſted for ſome miles. The moon, on account of the thickneſs of the trees, although the autumn had deprived them of more than half their leafy honours, could not betray me. But the lights in the caſtle which I now ſaw glimmering at a diſtance, I could, for the ſake of the *qui pro quo*, gladly have blown out.

On entering the room, when theſe treacherous lights gave a full view of the features of the relation, the relationſhip inſtantly vaniſhed. Mother and daughter ſaw their error at the ſame moment, beheld a ſtranger before them, whom they had introduced into the houſe as a well-known friend, yet had no power to aſk

who he might be. What was left therefore for either ſide but to have recourſe to phyſiognomical obſervations.

Theſe laſted about ſix ſeconds, but were they to be drawn out at full length in words they would fill at leaſt ſix ſheets. The lightning glance of the phyſiognomiſt is the moſt conciſe and expreſſive language under the ſun. Even the Japaneſe, ſo remarkable for conciſeneſs, ſtands in a proportion as much below the phyſiognomical as it ſtands above the German. In order, therefore, to compreſs the ſketch of our phyſiognomical converſation as much as poſſible, I would gladly tranſlate it into Japaneſe; but alas this is not in my power. To qualify myſelf for ſuch a taſk it would be neceſſary firſt to take leſſons of a certain linguiſt, who, in deſcribing the celebrated Aſmus's audience of the emperor of Japan, affirms that, on account of the conciſeneſs above noticed, the whole conference did not laſt longer than while one perſon might ſneeze, and another wiſh him the accuſtomed bleſſing.

To

To take the quinteſſence of the phyſiognomical welcoming in the Sportlerian caſtle, it ran as follows:

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

I cannot imagine what the ſilly girl has done with her eyes! This is no couſin Anthony!—'tis a face, a perſon, wholly unknown to me!—perhaps a ruined advocate,—or a dealer in cattle;—or, he appears not unlike a Jew;—or perhaps either a foreſter, or a farmer, who has ſome complaint to lay before the magiſtracy! Sir, here is ſome miſtake. The thoughtleſs girl preſented you as a couſin who would have been moſt welcome to me, but you are neither the one nor the other. This would have been definitive as to your reception here, had you not announced yourſelf as my huſband's friend. As ſuch I feel it incumbent upon me to treat you with diſtant civility, a ſupper and bed therefore ſhall be at your ſervice. Yet you muſt not expect ſuch a bed as ſhould have been

prepared had you come properly recommended.

MYSELF, IN ANSWER.

I ſee, madam, that you are no friend to unbidden gueſts. 'Tis the ſame caſe with myſelf, therefore I pardon you. You cannot, however, conſiſtently with politeneſs, refuſe a friend of your huſband's, who, I truſt beſides, looks like an honeſt man, the three things moſt requiſite from a hoſt to a gueſt;—a friendly countenance, a decent lodging, and ſuch a judgment of him as ſhall not ſin againſt the laws of hoſpitality. Your examining me I cannot prevent; but be aſſured I will ſo play my cards that you ſhall gain nothing by it: for know, madam, 'tis my firm reſolution to obſerve the ſtricteſt *incognito* till my friend Sportler's arrival.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.

Good ſir, whoever you may be, ſince you are not couſin Anthony, you would confer the greateſt pleaſure upon me by taking yourſelf away, ſince no other man excepting him is welcome to us. Your preſence

preſence throws me into the extremeſt embarraſſment. See how mama's eyes reprove me for my precipitation! If my entreaties have any power over you, make no ill uſe of our preſent forbearance, and ſeek not to ſtay here, elſe cannot your intruſion paſs without reproof.

MYSELF, IN ANSWER.

Sweeteſt maiden, how can I do otherwiſe than remain here, whither I have been conducted by an angel. The very embarraſſment into which my preſence puts you is to me an additional reaſon for continuing in my new ſituation. Thoſe eyes ſo modeſtly caſt upon the earth, and that charming fluſh that tints your virgin cheeks, are attractions too powerful to be reſiſted even by an old man like myſelf. Nothing is ſo flattering to us veterans indeed, as to find that we can ſtill raiſe an emotion in a maiden's boſom, and 'tis therefore that antiquated coxcombs are ſo addicted to *double-entendres*, a practice in which I can aſſure you I do not indulge myſelf.

But

But if by chance I can enjoy ſo lovely a ſight, or be the innocent occaſion of it, I own I had rather prolong than ſhorten its duration. And if mama be diſpoſed to chide, be aſſured that, upon a nearer acquaintance, every cloud will be removed from her matronly brow.

The white cloak, who, in the meantime, had, like the ſnake, caſt his ſkin, and was transformed into a blue coat, fell alſo into a phyſiognomical converſation with me. He fixed his eyes upon my face as though he would have looked me through and through, and his glances ſaid plainly, "Sir, you come moſt opportunely, ſince otherwiſe I had nobody upon whom to exerciſe my wit for the evening; and your whole exterior ſeems to ſpeak you a fit object for a butt."

I anſwered this addreſs with an oblique glance, which ſignified as much as, "I challenge you to the experiment."

The good lady's lapdog, who, indeed, appeared to have more phyſiognomical knowledge

knowledge than Eſlinger's whole ſtable, remarked, even from the firſt moment, that I was not accredited in the beſt manner with his miſtreſs. He growled and barked unmercifully; and, ſince his inhoſpitality met with no reproof, it appeared ſufficiently manifeſt, that ſhe had trained him to a perfect underſtanding of the expreſſion of her phyſiognomy.

This general phyſiognomical converſation, as I obſerved before, paſſed in the fifth part of a half minute;—and now came we to the ſecond diviſion of the conference, that with words. It cannot have eſcaped the attention of obſervers, that the former often gives the tone to the latter, although at other times the language will be very much contradicted by the geſtures and behaviour. But the mind is always more attentive to the behaviour than to the mere words. Who has not ſeen, that people prone to ſuſpicion always watch the manner with Argus'-eyes, and place their principal reliance upon obſervations

vations ſo made? Is a perſon of this deſcription aſſured by another, even with the moſt ſolemn oaths, that he loves him as a brother, that he would go through fire and water to ſerve him, the aſſured pays no regard to the aſſurer if he ſees any thing equivocal even in a ſingle geſture. And though ſometimes theſe tranſlators of manners, and behaviour, are as unfortunate in their conjectures, as the tranſlator of the works of Philoſtratus when he criticiſes without the aſſiſtance of Olearius, they are notwithſtanding much more infallible guides than the tongue, to the diſcovery of what is paſſing in the heart. I have often obſerved people ready to ſtrike each other dead with their eyes, who, at the ſame time, were embracing with the warmeſt aſſurances of unalterable friendſhip and affection. While, in like manner, I have ſeen a tender declaration of love made by the eyes, when the tongue told a very different ſtory. I have alſo not unfrequently ſeen a ſoldier run the gauntlet, or a holy brother ſmarting under the eccleſiaſtical

ſiaſtical ſcourge, and while both were obliged to return thanks for the lenity of the chaſtiſement, their eyes have not only denounced the bittereſt curſes upon the ſtaff-officer, or the ſuperior by whom it was inflicted, but have even ſeemed to ſend the whole maſs of military and religious inſtitutions into damnation.

Before ſupper was ſerved up, the circle was increaſed by the arrival of another gueſt, and that no leſs a perſonage than the moon-ſtricken preacher. "I would gladly, ſir," ſaid the lady-miſtreſs of the houſe, as he entered, "preſent a ſtranger to you, but, indeed, I do not know by what name to introduce him." Then turning to me, "This, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "is our miniſter."—"I ſhall feel much gratified by the gentleman's acquaintance," ſaid I; "and, inſtead of uſing my travelling paſſport as an introduction, ſhall rather introduce myſelf as one of his congregation at the devotions of this evening."

His reverence, however, was not pleaſed to take any farther notice of me. In fact, the

the good ſpiritualiſt was more attentive to the fair Charlotte than to anything elſe, and ſeemed to ſtudy her phyſiognomy the whole evening with unwearied aſſiduity.

CHAP. XI.

The Myſtery unravelled.

THE ſupper was in the main only a ſource of diſappointment to us all. The lady of the houſe was mortified that I ſtill eſcaped her inveſtigation. When ſhe thought ſhe had got me faſt by the hair and coat, I gave a ſpring, and leaving both hair and coat in her hand, made my eſcape through the back-door of ſome equivocal anſwer. Mr. Blue-coat was diſappointed that he did not find me ſo ready a mark for his wit as he expected, and I not leſs ſo that the converſation at table took a very different turn from what I expected. Indeed, it became at laſt extremely diſtreſſing to me; for ſince my good hoſteſs found that I was not, by any means, to be beat from my ambuſcade, ſhe at length deſiſted from

from the attempt, and ſpurring forward her active tongue, ſent it tantivy over the courſe till it unluckily reached her daughter, whom ſhe began to perorife in a ſomewhat circuitous, though by no means ambiguous manner, upon her over-eagerneſs to welcome her couſin, till tears ſtood in the lovely girl's eyes.

She, however, liſtened to the harangue with a modeſty and humility truly amiable. A delicate bluſh ſuffuſed her cheek, yet ſhe never attempted, as is the general practice of daughters in ſimilar caſes, to make a pert anſwer, or to vindicate her conduct. This modeſty would have confirmed me in an inſtant the maiden's ſworn admirer, had not her lovely form and her tears, but the latter more particularly, previouſly eſtabliſhed her empire over my ſoul. 'Tis wonderful what magic power a tear from a languiſhing eye poſſeſſes over my heart. It ſeems like morning dew dropping upon the blooming roſe, and encreaſing alike its beauty and its fragrance —or, like the tranſparent pearl in the oyſter, the child of diſeaſe, yet at the ſame time

time its brighteſt ornament. But ſuppoſe theſe tears to burſt forth from a piece of old brick-work, the caſe is totally changed. The grotto whence they iſſue chills my heart, more than the drops themſelves warm it, and the utmoſt I can feel is a half ſenſation of cold compaſſion. This may not be ſtrictly right, yet we cannot help it, if nature have conſtituted us thus.—I only wiſh to know whether this be general, or particular nature—whether I only individually am thus conſtituted, or whether the feelings of others are in uniſon with mine. General, undoubtedly!—For what was it that brought down the ſceptre of Ahaſuerus, that ſhook the judgment-ſeat, and gained a ſplendid triumph over malice and chicanery, but what has ſo often conquered the parliament of Paris?—tears ſhed by lovely eyes.

During this affectionate maternal reproof, I had an opportunity of making ſome obſervations that ſtruck me forcibly. On more accurately examining the countenances of the female part of the company, they appeared as if not unknown to me, though

though I could by no means conjecture where I might have ſeen them. After much reflection, my thoughts wandered inſenſibly, by what aſſociation led I cannot tell, to the chimney piece in my cloſet. There have I a number of plaiſter caſts, among others one of Niobe, at leaſt one which I purchaſed as ſuch, and to this I diſcovered that the daughter bore a ſtrong reſemblance. I then began to compare the daughter's phyſiognomy with that of the mother and father, as far as I could judge of the latter's, from the ſketches he had ſent me. But, ſpite of all my endeavours, nothing appeared in the charming Charlotte's face indicating the ſame fundamental phyſiognomy with that of her family. On this I could not forbear commenting in my own mind, and from this circumſtance, as well as the phyſiognomy of certain actions which I obſerved, an impertinent ſpeculation irreſiſtibly obtruded itſelf upon my mind, viz. how long the Blue-coat might have been an occaſional viſitor at the Caſtle of Geroldſheim. Yet afterwards another idea ſtruck

me,

me, that perhaps the preſent miſtreſs of the Caſtle was only mother-in-law to my poor dove, a ſuppoſition ſtrongly confirmed by the warmth of the anathemas ſhe had denounced againſt her. In the ſequel I found that I was not miſtaken.

After revolving in my mind for a conſiderable time every corner of my houſe, containing ſilhouette, buſt, or portrait, without being able to diſcover any likeneſs for the mother, the years of whoſe life ſeemed to amount to ſomewhere about Wilkes's number, the truth at length burſt upon me. She was the exact reſemblance of a female portrait in the third volume of the Fragments, bearing the inſcription of a prudent, ſhrewd woman, with a good practical underſtanding. Beneath which ſome wag had written in my copy.—"A phyſiognomy, which heaven defend me from ever calling by the title of mother-in-law!"—Both Lavater's judgment and this commentator's I found very appropriate to my preſent hoſteſs.

After this diſcovery I had nothing ſo much at heart, as by ſome means dexterouſly

ouſly to break the thread of reproof which the mother was ſpinning with ſuch velocity on the ſpindle of her unceaſing tongue. I accordingly ſeized the firſt moment of any thing like a pauſe, and turned to the preacher, whoſe mein ſpoke patient conſolation, and who, conſidering me as the occaſion of all this miſchief, was giving me a phyſiognomical ſermon of arraignment. "I muſt," thought I, "find your reverence another thiſtle to mumble, that you may not grind this too ſmall." So adreſſing him:

"Sir," ſaid I, "you ſeem but a young man, nevertheleſs to poſſeſs the *prudentia paſtoralis* in full maturity. Believe me, this warmly excites my admiration, ſince 'tis doubtleſs a moſt eſſential quality in a preacher, really ſolicitous for the ſpiritual welfare of his flock. A feeling heart is like ſoftened wax, capable of receiving any form into which the hand of the artiſt chooſes it ſhould be moulded, and he, therefore, who deviſes any improved method of making impreſſions upon it, cannot be ſufficiently applauded. In this light,

light I conſider your new idea of moonlight oriſons to heaven, ſince no moment appears ſo favourable for calling forth the moſt devout feelings of the ſoul, as the glorious phænomenon of a bright moonſhine. But what ſay your brethren to this practice? Are they ſo tolerant, that they have never taken exception to it?—never raiſed againſt it the hue and cry of innovation, or threatened it with the ban of heterodoxy?"

"I know not what they ſay," replied the preacher, "and care as little. He who feels within himſelf power and courage to undertake any good work, muſt ſet his mind above vulgar prejudices. Many a worthy ſoul unites with me in the love of moonlight; 'tis much more on a level with human powers, than the bright blaze of the ſun. The ſoft melancholy then diffuſed over every object, and the ſolemn ſtillneſs that reigns around, awaken the moſt glowing feelings of the ſoul towards the author of all nature. Can I do better than endeavour to cheriſh this enthuſiaſm in my flock, and thus facilitate

the admiſſion of my precepts into their boſoms; and can any medium be more innocent and effectual for attaining my ends?"

"In the abſence of any great national calamity," I returned, "or other like viſitation from heaven, I know of nothing ſo proper for making a powerful impreſſion upon the mind as moonlight devotions, of which I have this evening myſelf had experience. 'Tis, therefore, as I ſaid before, a ſtrong proof to me of your paſtoral diſcernment, that failing at preſent of ſuch ſtimulants as lead mankind moſt effectually to the feet of their maker, you have diſcovered a new, and at the ſame time perfectly ſimple method of ſupplying their place. Long as the moon has at ſtated intervals regularly illumined this earth, I know not that any ſervant of the Lord has hitherto thought of lighting the ſacred lamp of devotion by her mild rays.—Yet why ſhould ſhe be leſs regarded than a blazing comet, the flaſhes of the forked lightning, the northern lights, a flying dragon, or any other meteor ever viſible amid the immeaſurable

meaſurable concave of the heavens. I have at home large volumes of ſermons written upon all theſe phænomena, as at various times they have viſited the ſons of men, and which were uſed by my anceſtors in the way of family devotion, when bad weather prevented attendance at church. My deceaſed father had a favourite ſermon with which he uſed to entertain and inſtruct his houſhold year after year unceaſingly. It was upon the great comet that foretold the Turkiſh war a hundred years before it happened. But, other times, other fancies —I would much prefer your moonlight diſcourſes were they come-at-able."

"Oh, ſir, if that be all," ſaid the man of God, "you need not wiſh in vain." And immediately he drew forth from his pocket, with no ſmall degree of eagerneſs, a parcel of advertiſements which he handed to me, adding that he hoped, for the honour of my name, as a ſubſcriber to ſuch a volume as I wiſhed, which was now preparing for the preſs. He would alſo, he ſaid, eſteem himſelf ſtill farther obliged if I would promote his ſubſcription as

much as might lie in my power, by the diſtribution of his bills among my friends and acquaintance."

"Dear ſir," I replied, "I had made a determined reſolution never more to engage in ſuch an undertaking, ſince really in theſe ſubſcribing days one is peſtered to death with like applications, and were the public in general but of my opinion, the ſubſcribing buſineſs would ſoon be finally put down. Yet for once I will make an exception. I have heard, and been ſo much impreſſed with your orations, that I will gladly do what I can towards circulating your advertiſements. In truth fifteen Batzen * is no price to pay for the rapturous feeling of a truly devotional glow."

So ſaying, I put a parcel of the bills in my pocket, and counted out the money for my own ſubſcription, hoping thereby to purchaſe not merely the good-will of the preacher, but of the whole houſe, who had been ſo warmed by his eloquence. And

* A batz is a ſmall coin, eighteen of which are equal to about half-a-crown Engliſh. *Tranſl.*

in

in part I ſucceeded, ſince it apparently led the hoſteſs into a conſultation with herſelf whether ſhe ſhould not have one of the beſt rooms prepared for my lodging, but unluckily, in my too great zeal to ſtrengthen this favourable impreſſion, I ſpoiled all.

"Since moon-light contemplations," ſaid I, "have acquired ſuch extenſive reputation in the ſentimental provinces of Germany, our ſtudiers of phyſics have obſerved that ſerene evenings, even after ſtormy days, are much more frequent than formerly, conſequently that viſible darkneſs is in a ſtate of gradual decline among us. Indeed ſuch nights of profound gloom, as we were once accuſtomed to experience, night after night ſucceſſively, without any intermiſſion, are now almoſt as rare in theſe latitudes, as in New Holland, the Straits of Magellan, or near the ſouth-pole. I have good hope, therefore, that in future, as the admirers of, and gazers at the friendly moon daily increaſe, the intruſive ſhadow of the earth will get totally out of the way, and the ſublunar world will be conſtantly viſited

by thoſe rays ſhe now firſt begins juſtly to value."

Theſe ſentiments, which I delivered entirely in the innocence of my heart, ſet the whole table into ſuch a phyſiognomical alarm, that moſt gladly, had it been in my power, would I have recalled and locked them up again in my boſom, as father Æolus recals and binds again in fetters at his will, his meſſengers of tumult and deſtruction. Madam Sportler, regarding the whole as ſatire, indignantly puſhed back her chair from the table, although ſeveral of the diſhes were not yet taken away, and thus ſuddenly put an end to our extraordinary and truly deſultory table-converſation. A miſcellany, which for its irregularity was not unworthy of inſertion in the complete Table-inſtructor of father Odilo Schreger, Conventual to the Abbot of Enſdorf.

With regard to my night quarters, no alteration was therefore made, but they remained fixed to the garret, which probably had ſerved as a lodging to many an illuſtrious vagabond. I, however, found it upon the whole a tolerably convenient

place

place of repoſe, though perhaps the deceaſed Gellert or Captain Niebuhr might have thought otherwiſe, for the firſt would doubtleſs rather have thrown himſelf into a chair, or laid down upon the table, than have remained in the bed, and the ſecond might well have ſuppoſed himſelf again in the Coptic church at Sifte *.

When I was ſummoned to breakfaſt, I learned, with tranſport, that my friend Sportler had returned very late the preceding night. I felt aſſured now of a warm reception, and that my incognito was at an end; but here I was ſadly miſtaken. My reception was preciſely the chilling one given to a perfect ſtranger, who comes unrecommended.

I was examined like an apple by its outward rind, or a Colibri by its gaudy plumage. The inquiring eye of the lady wife, ſeemed to addreſs her huſband as he entered the room:—"Now tell me, ſir, who is this enigmatical friend? His ap-

* "The travellers, who would gladly have taken up their night's lodging there, were driven out by the innumerable ſwarm of fleas." *See Niebuhr's Travels.*

pearance is like that of a dealer in ſome grand Arcanum—where is the friendſhip of which he boaſts?"

To this challenge the peaceable, unaltered mien of the firſt magiſtrate ſeemed to reply—"My treaſure, you aſk too much.—For me, he may be the Marquis d'Aymar, or the Comte de Saint Germain, who have brought the balſam of youth to ſell to thee *, or the wandering Jew, or the wild huntſman †. Believe me I know him as little, as I ſhould any of theſe great wanderers.—I never in my life ſaw him before."

The eyes of the good lady were immediately directed towards poor Charlotte, with a look that beſpoke a ſecond edition of the peroration of the evening before, with additions and embelliſhments, and the thunder would probably have burſt forth

* Vide Le Memorial d'un Mondain, par Monſ. le Comte Maximilien Lamberg. Au. Cup. Corre, 1774.

† This alludes to a popular ſuperſtition among the Germans, which is explained in a ballad of Bürger's, called the *Wild Huntſman*. It is beautifully tranſlated into Engliſh under the title of *The Chace*.—*Tranſl.*

in

in ſomething more than mere looks, had not a wind ſpeedily ariſen, which diſperſed the cloud. The poor girl ſtood by trembling and abaſhed, full of apprehenſion leſt ſhe had miſtaken ſome malefactor or vagabond for couſin Anthony, and muſt conſequently encounter a ſermon from her father as well as her mother.

Thus far the phyſiognomical pantomime. The *viva voce* converſation was as follows:

MYSELF.

Welcome, my deareſt friend!—I would ſhake the worthy Sportler by the hand, but he ſhrinks from acknowledging me. Am I then ſo entirely unknown to him?

SPORTLER.

I do not remember ever to have ſeen you, ſir. Under favour may I beg your name.

MYSELF.

Look well at me. I would that your heart told you my name, not my mouth, or my paſſport, if I had one.

SPORTLER.

How, ſir, you are a traveller, yet have no paſſport?

MYSELF.

I carry that publicly and openly in my countenance. I have no need of a written one in my pocket. Look at me well.

SPORTLER.

Hey,—how,—Yes—I almoſt think I have ſeen you before;—Can it be!—But if ſo, we part not as friends—Are you not the horſe jockey who was here ſome years ago *in puncto*——

MYSELF.

My friend, your head is ſo full of criminal phyſiognomies, that no other can find a place in it. Don't ſin a ſecond time againſt my unfortunate contour.—Remember how readily I pardoned the firſt offence.

SPORTLER.

Ha!—then, by heaven, my phyſiognomical friend!"—and with that he fell upon my neck, and preſſed me in a cloſe and ardent embrace, which I returned with equal warmth. He then preſented me to his wife, who appeared ſomewhat ſurpriſed at this unexpected developement of the myſtery. She became, however, in a moment extremely

extremely courteous. The ſcorn that ſat on her contracted brow and drawn-up noſtrils diſperſed as by a ſtroke of magic, and, in its place, ſhe hung out the French flag of *politeſſe*. Yet I could not help remarking, that ſuch incognitos as I had indulged myſelf in playing off, were by no means to her taſte.

For my puniſhment I was now obliged to wade through a torrent of compliments, excuſes, and ceremonials. When I had worked my veſſel off from Scylla, I was in danger of being ſwallowed up by Charybdis. Yet I ſoon found ſome conſolation in beholding the lovely Charlotte's eyes directed towards me from behind her mother with a roguiſh look of triumph. Nothing could ſo readily have atoned for the overpowering ceremonies of the mother, as theſe reviving glances of the daughter.

And now, notwithſtanding all my oppoſition, I muſt yield to the territorial rights of my friend; horſes and ſervant, as well as myſelf, muſt be quartered in the caſtle. Philip, therefore, became my ſucceſſor in

the Coptic church, and I was put into poſſeſſion of a ſumptuous chamber, which gave me a very grand idea of the phyſiognomy of the Sportlerian houſe. In the evening, before my going to bed, according to cuſtom, I made ſome reflections to which the incognito gave occaſion.

It commonly happens, thought I, that a privilege from the taylor is of much more account in the world than one from the emperor. Among phyſiognomiſts, at leaſt, the latter paſſes for nothing, while the former paſſes for a great deal. For as to what Lavater teaches, that the phyſiognomy announces the rank of a man with the moſt perfect certainty, and that a prince is at the firſt glance diſtinguiſhable from another man, this is only when he is arrayed in his inſignia, that is to ſay, when he has received his privilege from the taylor. Were it not ſo, it would be impoſſible for the gods of this earth to play incognito, as did formerly maſter Jove, making himſelf prodigious ſport with the embarraſſments he thus occaſioned among mortals. An amuſement his godſhip could not

not poſſibly have enjoyed, had not his phyſiognomy accorded better with his aſſumed than real character.

The phyſiognomy of the garment, the cut of it, and the trimming, certainly have more influence upon the judgment formed of ſtrangers by unphyſiognomical people at leaſt, than the form of the noſe, the curvature of the hind-head, or the arching of the forehead; and the paraphraſe of the taylor will explain lineaments, on the expreſſion of which it might otherwiſe be difficult to pronounce. If it be true that the form of the hat, and the manner of wearing it, betrays the particular ſpecies of conceit incidental to the wearer, how much more muſt the whole dreſs taken together characterize a man. And moſt certainly the readineſs with which we judge of the interior by the exterior, will rather refer to the entire ſurface than to any ſingle part of it.

Had I exhibited a more winning exterior, as to the phyſiognomy of my clothes, madam Sportler had probably formed a very different opinion of me. Then had ſhe

ſhe ſaid, "A perſon of no ordinary deſcription:—what features;—what a noble countenance!—Moſt welcome, ſir! you honour our houſe much by this viſit!"

I cannot, therefore, forgive that illuſtrious doctor who made ſuch havoc with his velvet coat, becauſe he found it was to that and not to himſelf that the homage of the multitude was paid. One day going out in an ordinary ſhabby frock, he found himſelf joſtled and puſhed this way and that, and every ragged fellow expecting that he ſhould turn aſide for him. This put him extremely out of humour; he went home, and dreſſing himſelf in the inſignia of his profeſſion, ſallied forth again among the multitude, ſtalking with doctorial dignity along the ſtreets, when he found himſelf treated with the accuſtomed homage and reſpect. This made him ſtill more angry, ſince he thus plainly perceived that the man was only honoured for the coat's ſake, not the coat for the man's, ſo, indignantly addreſſing his unhappy velvet, "Let us ſee," ſaid he, "whether 'tis you or I that are the

celebrated

celebrated doctor? and whether a diploma from the taylor is of more value than one from the faculty?" Away he went, laid his velvet coat immediately upon the chopping-block, and ſoon hacked it to pieces, like a neck of mutton cut up into ſteaks.

I cannot here forbear adverting to a very curious ſpeculation of Lavater's. He thinks, that from the mere form of the thumb, or even from the ſilhouette of one, an accurate judgment may be formed of the contours of the face. And ſince from the contours of the face the character may be judged, it follows that the mere ſilhouette of the thumb is a ſufficient criterion by which infallibly to judge the whole man internally as well as externally. That is literally and truly *ex ungue leonem!* But, in my opinion, the phyſiognomy of the dreſs will be found a much ſurer guide than that of the thumb, although the thumb be undoubtedly a member of the human body, while the clothing is only an *acceſſarium* to it. For this reaſon a certain phyſiognomical eccleſiaſtic, when a ſtranger

a ſtranger entered his room who brought with him very ſtrong letters of recommendation, in which a high eulogium was paſſed upon his piety, did not examine his thumb but his coat, and, conſequently, welcomed him, to the other's no ſmall aſtoniſhment, with—"You are no Chriſtian I perceive, ſir?"—"As why?"—"Becauſe you are ſo ſwiniſh in your dreſs." And, ſuppoſing the ſtranger had held up his thumb and ſaid, "Sir, I carry my Chriſtianity in my thumb, not in my coat;" I am inclined to think, notwithſtanding, that more faith had ſtill been placed in his coat than in his thumb.

It is, therefore, and will ever remain with me an indiſputable truth, that a handſome and faſhionable coat is of much more account in the phyſiognomical world than a dozen letters of recommendation, a teſtimonial, a paſſport, a diploma, a patent of nobility, or a ſigned, ſealed, and atteſted pedigree. The coat is underſtood at firſt ſight, whereas any of theſe guarantees want examination and inveſtigation, and, in the meantime, an ill opinion may be

be formed of the perſon, which not even the longeſt pedigree will afterwards be able to remove.

Since one idea ever leads to another, and the thoughts are linked together in the head, like the endleſs joints of the tape-worm in the bowels, each ſingle one of which has life and motion, yet all together make but one whole, ſo was it with my reflections this evening. From the outward phyſical huſk of the coat, I was led inſenſibly to the allegorical almond-ſhell which, on various occaſions, is alſo of great uſe in promoting the incognito. A while ago, the mantle of Chriſtian love was extremely in faſhion, and uſed ſo much as a cloak to conceal faults that perſons remained perfect incognitos even to their next neighbours, or at leaſt no one dared openly to attack their good fame. But this convenient watch-coat, which everybody had a right to wear, is now, through frequent uſe, grown ſo thread-bare, and full of holes, that it can no longer ſerve its accuſtomed purpoſe.

The

The ancient philoſophers were wont to wrap themſelves in the mantle of virtue; and, after the model in which that was cut, many a modern author has endeavoured to faſhion himſelf a garment which ſhall anſwer equally well. Such is the mantle of inward conviction, of the innate feeling of truth, of equanimity, with many others which they button faſt around them, as they behold the thunder-clouds of criticiſm gathering over their writings; or, ſee a hailſtorm of cenſures ready to beat off the bloſſoms from their favourite productions.

But of all the cloaks in which theſe gentlemen ſhroud themſelves, none ſeems ſo perfectly convenient as the anonymous cloak. Enveloped in this, let it rain or hail as it will, or let all the two-and-thirty winds of the compaſs bluſter around them, ſtill can they keep on their way with ſerenity and compoſure, ſince neither wind nor rain can penetrate through the thick fur. The benignant rays of the ſun alone have any chance of complimenting this

cloak

cloak from the ſhoulders of the wanderer. He, however, who chooſes to wrap himſelf in it muſt not be offended if he be not always treated according to his rank and worthineſs, as happened to me when I choſe to button my incognito great-goat faſt about me. Or, ſuppoſing one of theſe diſguiſed wanderers to paſs through a village where the children are playing at "*All the brave birds in the air*," and happen at that moment to be buffeting the fool, he muſt not be ſurpriſed, incognito as he is, ſhould he come in for a laſh or two by the way.

Something of this kind happened not very long ago to a man of conſiderable reputation, one of the biographers of the late count Bernſtorff, if I remember rightly. When wrapped in his anonymous cloak, he was met in the ſtreet by Mercury, who gave him an unexpected ſtroke with his caduceus till he reeled back. He inſtantly threw open the mantle, and aſked the god what he meant by inſulting people he did not know, in that manner in the public ſtreet? The aſſaulter, perceiving that

that he had been guilty of a *faux-pas*, took off his feathered cap, and, humbly begging pardon, laid the whole blame upon the anonymous cloak, dropped the conteſt, and tripped lightly and with a haſty ſtep out of the buſineſs. 'Tis, however, a very unuſual caſe that ſuch rough treatment occaſions the cloak to be thrown off; the more common practice among theſe gentry is, that the harder they are preſſed, whether by rain, wind, or "*All the brave birds in the air*," the more they ſhrink back, and wrap themſelves ſtill cloſer in their diſguiſe, as the ſnail, at the apprehended approach of danger, ſhrinks deeper and deeper into the inmoſt receſſes of its ſhell.

Yet often is the anonymous cloak worn ſolely from affectation. The greateſt part of the authors who write for the Leipſick fairs, might put both their chriſtian and ſurnames in the title-page of every book they ſend to the preſs, and yet remain as much unknown as when wrapped in this mantle of concealment. At leaſt their fame or diſgrace would never laſt above ſix months. The productions of one fair

are

are always driven off the field by thoſe of the next, as the budding leaves on the oak in ſpring, thruſt aſide the withered ones of the former year. Or, if I may be allowed another ſimile, I could draw a comical reſemblance between theſe authors who conſole themſelves in their *incognito* when nobody cares whether they know their names or not, and my Philip.

Laſt winter, when I was at H—— to ſell my oats, there happened to be a ſort of carnival held in the town. I had a mind to be preſent at the diverſions one evening, and to take my valet with me; but ſince the livery is not held in ſo great reſpect in the maſking world as in the literary, he had not courage to appear there *in propria perſona*. I therefore hired him a Turkiſh caftan, made him a paſteboard noſe with muſtachios attached to it, and, faſtening them underneath his turban, bade him follow me. An unfortunate thruſt with a fiddleſtick knocked off his noſe, and, amid the tumult of the dancing-room it was inſtantly trodden to pieces.

'Tis true that every one now ſtared him in the face, yet he preſerved his *incognito*, as well in his natural form, as would the literary rabble were they to throw aſide the anonymous cloak.

CHAP. XII.

On the Criminal Phyſiognomy.

On the ſecond morning, after breakfaſt, my friend carried me into his phyſiognomical cloſet, which was ornamented with ſeveral hundred ſketches of criminal phyſiognomy. There were regicides, arranged in a chronological order, parricides, fratricides, incendiaries, adulterers, thieves, pirates, traitors, and a variety of other malefactors, of every deſcription and denomination. When I had well ſurveyed them all, caſt my eye over their lives and actions, which were ſketched in a catalogue, with the manner of their deaths, and the year in which each happened, and compared them with their contours, I then aſked for his collection of ſilhouettes, of the reſpectable part of the community.

To

To this he replied, that his attention was ſolely turned to collecting the profiles of malefactors, of which he believed nobody in his own country, or perhaps in any other could boaſt an equal treaſure. He had, indeed, been ſo fortunate as to procure ſome of the moſt ſcarce ſilhouettes of this deſcription. He had a few ſketches of honeſt men, but ſince he placed no value on them, they were not nailed up in his cloſet. Then opening a little box, he took out a dozen or two of ſhades, among which, to my ſatisfaction, though alſo to my humiliation, I obſerved my own. I ſay humiliation, ſince there were evident traces, at the corners, of its having been nailed up with the malefactors.

In his library I found a tolerable collection of phyſiognomical works, both of ancient and modern times, and to my great delight, the fourth volume of the Fragments. This I had not yet ſeen; for in my remote part of the country literature does not circulate very freely, added to which I had been myſelf ſomewhat tardy in paying my ſubſcription money. I fell with

with ſuch voracity upon this food for the ſoul, that I believe I ſhould even, for its ſake, have relinquiſhed the turkey my hoſteſs had provided for dinner, had not Charlotte herſelf undertaken the office of ambaſſador to invite me down to it.

For three days did I ſtudy my author with unwearied aſſiduity, and ſoon, by the uſe of this ſalutary medicine, found all the miſts with which Sempronius had filled my head, clear away, and my natural warmth in the good old cauſe, return with additional ardour. I met with many tranſporting paſſages, even as I only turned over the book haſtily. In particular, through a ſingular co-incidence, my attention was caught, and my vanity highly flattered, by the glorious Lavater's wiſh, that every traveller, that is to ſay, every one who has any feeling for our noble ſcience, would keep an itinerary in which to note down every thing relative to it that might fall under his obſervation.

Exactly what he recommends, thought I, is my itinerary, which, if it pleaſe God, I will give to the world at my return home.

I have ſought out the learned of the land, have examined, compared, judged them. This forehead, I have ſaid, tells me thus, and thus,—in theſe eyes I have read ſo and ſo. In ſhort I have found every thing that the Apoſtle himſelf ſuppoſes he ſhould find, were he to wander forth on a plan of incognito. Like him, I was credulous with reſpect to people of high renown, and have grown every day more incredulous. I have ſuſpected no man, but have been upon my guard that their names and their ſayings ſhould not dazzle or delude me. All this, too, was done before I had ſeen the fourth volume of the Fragments. How will the good man rejoice, when he finds one of his two and thirty phyſiognomical deſiderata accompliſhed even by anticipation.

I beſides felt very forcibly the firſt aphoriſm in the "*Word to Travellers*;" that three things are indiſpenſably neceſſary to them, health, money, and a feeling for phyſiognomy. With reſpect to the firſt and laſt requiſites, thank God, I have found no want of them. For the ſecond I haſtily

haſtily applied my hand to my purſe, and found that the hint was not inopportune, for there it was complete ebb. This induced me immediately to diſpatch Philip home with an order upon my ſteward for a reinforcement of the *ſine qua non*. At the ſame time I ſent a ſhort notice to our private academicians of the ſtate of phyſiognomy in the portion of country I had paſſed through, deſiring our ſecretary to forward a copy with all poſſible ſpeed to Zurich, that Lavater might ſee how his wiſhes were anticipated.

This matter ſettled, I applied myſelf again to my ſtudies, when I found another very flattering idea for me, where the phyſiognomy of laughing is ſaid to be one of the moſt intereſting inveſtigations towards a knowledge of mankind. To this I have given my contribution by my obſervations upon the ſmiling hoſt at Meiſſen. The remarks I then made, now firſt became valuable to me, ſince they ſeemed a confirmation of my phyſiognomical talents; nor could I forbear complimenting myſelf, by calling to mind the old ſaying,

les beaux eſprits ſe rencontrent. So much did this idea tickle my vanity, that I began ſeriouſly to conſider myſelf as towering no leſs grandly above ten thouſand of my phyſiognomical brethren, than the towers of the Caſtle of Geroldſheim raiſe their pinnacles above all the ſurrounding trees and buildings.

But of all things, nothing delighted me ſo much as the meaſure for foreheads, if I may be allowed to uſe that term, which was to ſerve the ſame purpoſe as the ſtandard by which eggs are proved. Not, as a certain churl wanted, to try whether every egg brought to market was of full ſize and weight, but whether they would do for putting under the hen, or only for kitchen uſes. Thus it is with Lavater's ſtandard for foreheads. 'Tis not to determine only whether the ſkull contains its full weight of brains; but likewiſe to aſcertain of what degree of knowledge, thought, imagination, capability of impreſſion, ſenſibility, and energy each ſkull is the receptacle. And if a mathematician were to reduce the curved line of the forehead into a ſtrait line,

line, which appears very practicable, then might the underſtanding of a man be meaſured out by the ell, like a roll of ribband.

I am only afraid that this glorious diſcovery will not wholly anſwer all that it promiſes. I judge by the new and improved Oometer which has been for ſome years in uſe in my houſe. Sometimes it has ſucceeded extremely well, but at others it has warranted eggs as fruitful, which the event has proved otherwiſe; and conſequently I have been diſappointed of an expected brood of chickens. However, I ſtill prove all my eggs by this ordeal; for I think if it anſwers only one time out of ten, 'tis ſtill worth the ſpeculation.

One of my neighbours, an old farmer, indeed banters me extremely upon this account, and calls the whole mere ſport and chimera; nay more, ſays *a quoi bon*, ſuppoſing it always anſwered to a hair. For his part he has always left it to heaven and never failed of a ſufficient quantity of poultry in the year. I let him talk as much as he pleaſes, but adhere to my own

method. Yet I cannot but confeſs, that what my neighbour ſays of the Oometer appears not inapplicable to the forehead gauger, and that the beſt teſt of a man's worthineſs or unworthineſs is to be found in the Evangeliſt, "By their fruits ye ſhall know them." This was Sempronius's opinion; and though the fourth volume of the Fragments has obliterated from my mind, moſt of his pribble prabble, thus much will ſtill at times forcibly recur.

Another objection, beſides, may be made to the forehead gauger, that a head cannot ſo conveniently be brought to the proof by that, as an egg by the Oometer. The latter are ſtill, and ſuffer the experiment to be made upon them quietly; but this can hardly be expected of the former. Were a phyſiognomiſt to be ſeen entering a circle of ladies and gentlemen, with his meaſure in his hand, what an uproar would be occaſioned with the idea of the diſcompoſure every well-powdered head muſt undergo, ſuppoſing it ſubmitted to the teſt. Such, at leaſt, is my preſent opinion. It may be, however, that when phyſiognomy

ſhall

ſhall have obtained its due influence in the world, all conſideration of the powdered head will be loſt in the ſuperior importance of making experiments in that ſcience.

But, whatever pleaſure I had received from this volume was damped again, by a cruel doubt that occurred, and almoſt entirely renewed all my phyſiognomical ſpleen. On the ſubject of a table of ten heads of men, belonging to a town in Germany, the maſter ſays, "I ſhould be greatly indebted to anybody who could tell me, for a certainty, the characters of theſe very uncommon heads."

Strange, indeed! ſince the wiſh that he knew for a certainty implies uncertainty. In another part of the volume, is a long diſſertation upon the expreſſion of the forehead, which I had determined particularly to ſtudy; but this diſcovery has entirely diſheartened me. For, ſince what happens in one town of Germany, may as well happen in another, nay, in any town of any other country; and ſince here we find heads by the ten together, of which the maſter can make as little as any of his

ſcholars, what becomes of the boaſted knowledge of mankind, to be acquired by phyſiognomy? If, after the ſcience has advanced thus far, particularly after ſo long a diſſertation upon foreheads, and their certainty as a criterion upon which to form our judgment, the prince of phyſiognomiſts is at laſt obliged to have recourſe to a prompter to help him out; what can we ſay? I own I think this confeſſion a grand triumph for Sempronius, ſince it appears that the Zuricher, after having vainly endeavoured to embrace phyſiognomy with one arm, is now obliged to have recourſe to the other, and call actions in to aſſiſt in his deciſions.

One other idea more particularly, ſtruck me from my new ſtudies, which I do not know that any critic has yet ſuggeſted, conſequently the honour of ſo ſhrewd an obſervation belongs wholly and ſolely to myſelf. This is, that the teacher ſeems, at the concluſion of his work, to have deſcended from his roſtrum, and ſeated himſelf on one of the forms amid the ſcholars. For when it might reaſonably be expected, that he ſhould have ſolved every

every difficulty in the path of the phyſiognomical ſtudent, he apparently knows much leſs than he did at firſt. In the former volumes he paſſes his deciſions with perfect confidence, and admits no queſtion of their accuracy; but now all is doubt and heſitation. And whereas in the outſet he places almoſt the ſole reliance upon the immediate impulſe, here there is no end of warnings to beware of its leading us aſtray, and admonitions reſpecting the uncertainty of all judgments formed from the phyſiognomy. This is in fact learning backwards.

And what can the pupils think, when they find the maſter, at the concluſion of his goſpel, exclaiming with true Swiſs honeſty, "*Oh vanity of vanities! all is vanity!*"—A ſtrange recommendation ſurely of his work and his ſtudy. But I would anſwer to this deſponding effuſion of the heart—Excuſe me;—'tis not all vanity. The pure rays of truth are ſteady and unchangeable, and will ſhine to all eternity. I ſhould be mortified, indeed, could I ſuppoſe that all the money I have expended

upon my four quartos, was only to purchaſe a maſs of vanity. I muſt hope that this cannot be meant literally, elſe is my fate nearly ſimilar to that of my worthy grandfather.

Many years ago a travelling adept came to his houſe, offering for a conſiderable reward to teach him the important ſecret of tranſmuting ſolid lead into pure gold. In the firſt year the experiments went rapidly on. All the lead from the roof of the houſe, and from the windows, was thrown into the melting-pot, and every piece that came out was conſtantly *almoſt* gold. This made the good man only more and more ardent in the buſineſs. He thought, that ſince the greateſt part of the affair was got over, and the thing nearly accompliſhed, the trifle that was wanting would ſoon be ſupplied. Thus did he continue feeding the melting-pot year after year, till the whole divan of gods out of the garden, and the lord knows what beſides, had fallen ſacrifices to his experiments, but ſtill the little was wanting. At length, one morning very early, the adept took a

French

French leave, locking up the door of the laboratory and inſcribing over it, "*Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!*"

As I was making theſe reflections, I heard my friend Sportler hammering deſperately in his cloſet. He had juſt got a freſh acquiſition of malefactors' ſilhouettes, and among them, one of the famous Thuringian man-eater, which he was nailing up with the utmoſt ſatisfaction. Happy he, ſaid I within myſelf, that he is not as I am, blown about by every anti-phyſiognomical wind, like the pliant oſier. Such a faith as his is truly enviable; not a doubt, or ſhadow of a doubt, ever intervenes to ſhake his conviction. Not intermeddling with any phyſiognomies but what are deſerving of the gallows, or the wheel, he concerns himſelf little to what degree of perfection phyſiognomy may be advanced by the Fragments. For anything he knows or cares, it might be circumſtanced like a certain ſhow-box, the owner of which boaſted that what he ſhould exhibit was no painting or imitation, but true and unornamented nature itſelf.

People

People thronged and preſſed around him to ſee this wondrous curioſity; but when they applied their eyes to the glaſs all was dark as pitch within. The good folks began to murmur, but he quickly ſilenced their clamours by aſſuring them that it was a ſpecimen of the Egyptian darkneſs *in propria natura*.

I could, therefore, no longer forbear going to my friend, and pouring out to him all the doubts, difficulties, and diſquietudes of my heart, upon the unſatisfactory concluſion of a work which I expected was to have proved ſo ſure a guide to the knowledge of mankind. He liſtened to me like a judge who has already paſſed ſentence in his mind before the parties are heard out; and, when I had run to the full length of my line, took his turn of haranguing.

It was not very ſurpriſing, he ſaid, ſince I was an implicit follower of Lavater, as he underſtood me to be from what had now paſſed, that I ſhould have to ſtruggle with doubts and difficulties, for who that phyſiognomiſed after that maſter could

expect

expect otherwiſe? Phyſiognomy he conſidered as a *habitus practicus* which a man muſt carry in his head, not expect to acquire from a book. Were it neceſſary to refer to the Fragments for an explanation of every example that might come under our obſervation, it would be much the ſame thing as if a judge were to decide cauſes only by the *corpus juris*. But here comes a little cautel in the way, *minima circumſtantia variat rem*. And 'tis not one of the leaſt important objections to Lavater's immediate impulſe that few people are ſufficiently wiſe, honeſt, and moderate, to be truſted with ſo dangerous a weapon.

"Do you mean then," ſaid I, "to inſinuate that you conſider me as yet but in my A, B, C, in the ſcience?"

"At preſent I think we are none of us beyond our A, B, C; there is, however, a great difference among the various methods of ſtudying the A, B, C. That much depends upon this, is proved not only by the aſſiduity of the literati in ſeeking to alter and improve the A, B, C book, but

but, from the commotions excited in the kingdom ſome years ago, by attempting to bring theſe new and improved books into circulation. What did the peaſantry mean by ſuch commotions but pertinaciouſly to defend the old method of inſtruction againſt the ſuperiors who wanted to introduce the new one. And it appears to me that you are in ſome meaſure actuated by the ſame principle. You adhere too cloſely to your original maſter, meaſure everything according to his principles, and do not throw yourſelf ſufficiently upon your own powers."

"And, if I may ſpeak my opinion freely," I replied, "I think you rely too much upon yourſelf, upon an ideal method of phyſiognomiſing which you have formed in your own boſom, and which can accord with nothing but your own fancy. Indeed, to own the truth, this appears, from what I have obſerved, to be a very general fault among the pupils of our ſcience. Each has his own method of purſuing his ſtudies, in like manner as every alchymiſt has his own peculiar proceſs by which he hopes

hopes to compel nature to the diſcloſure of her ſecrets. But, alas! I fear that the myſteries of both ſciences are buried in darkneſs ſo impenetrable, that there is little proſpect of our ſeeing it diſpelled, at leaſt in the preſent age."

"My good friend," ſaid he, "you run too faſt with your expectations. Have patience! Phyſiognomy cannot be expected in four years to have attained the ſame maturity that ſhe will attain in forty, or perhaps in four hundred. Great projects are eminently ſucceſsful only in progreſſion, 'tis enough if at firſt they give hopes of ſomething important to come."

"You are right there. For this reaſon I ſhall compare our ſcience to the coloſſal ſtatue of Peter the Great. The pedeſtal is completed; the granite rock has, with undeſcribable labour, been brought to the place allotted for its erection, and is the wonder of all who behold it. In like manner the caſting of the metal went on happily till it came to the heads of the hero and the horſe, but there the mould burſt. The artiſt, however, notwithſtanding theſe trifling

trifling phyſiognomical misfortunes, conſidered his work as having ſucceeded, and perſuaded the public that they muſt not look too narrowly into little faults, but rather conſider the genius of the whole, and admire the heroic ſpirit that could undertake ſo great and bold a work. This ſimile, I think, will not be found, as is very common among ſimiles, to limp a little in one or more of its feet, but may fairly be pronounced to run well upon all fours. Only place the production of the Zuricher, in the room of that of the Peterſburgher, and you will allow my hypotheſis. The mighty phyſiognomical work of the pious enthuſiaſt, now 'tis finiſhed, preſents but the phyſiognomy of the Babylonian tower in the print; the pinnacle is wanting; ſo the whole wears only the appearance of a mighty ruin, at which paſſers-by may gape and ſtare, but which cannot be applied to any uſe. A vaſt maſs of materials lie confuſedly together, which a man can neither paſs through, nor paſs over, in ſome meaſure like the far-famed ruins of Palmyra. Here we ſee a pedeſtal, there the fragment

of

of a column, there a piece of corniſh, but does any one wiſh to put them together he would find it mere patch-work, and not one piece aſſorting well with the other."

"Even ſo! And theſe Fragments are only intended as hints, or models, to every artiſt who, according to his own idea, muſt erect his own temple of phyſiognomical wiſdom. But I hope your ſpleen will ſomewhat ſubſide, when I acknowledge that I, too, am deceived in my expectations with regard to this fourth volume. I felt perfectly aſſured that it would contain the ſilhouette, at leaſt, if not the full face of the man who poiſoned the chalice at Zurich *. Or, if he himſelf ſtill eludes the vigilance of his purſuers, at leaſt that we

* Some years ago, two men dying at Zurich, almoſt immediately after partaking of the communion, a report was ſpread that the wine had been poiſoned. Abſurd as this ſtory was, it obtained for a while a conſiderable degree of credit, and was taken up with great warmth by many people in the town. Lavater, whoſe religious enthuſiaſm, is equal to his phyſiognomical, was among this number, and rendered himſelf not a little ridiculous, by the eagerneſs with which he purſued the matter. *Tranſl.*

ſhould

ſhould have had Lavater's ideas of the characteriſtic features of ſuch a blaſphemous miſcreant. For, ſince every crime has its particular features, it follows that a new contour muſt be diſcovered for a crime of ſo new a ſpecies. But on this intereſting ſubject I find not a ſingle ſyllable. Yet, though diſappointed in this inſtance, I do not ſuffer the circumſtance to give me real uneaſineſs, but endeavour to content myſelf with what there is, without conſidering too minutely what there might be. I do not repine that I cannot catch whales in my pond, but, when I throw my nets, content myſelf with the perch and the gudgeons that they bring to ſhore."

"And though your perch and gudgeons may not pleaſe every palate, yet, ſince I am upon the ſpot, I could wiſh you extremely to throw your nets, and ſee whether you can procure a good draught, or whether they will return to ſhore empty."

"Your wiſh ſhall be gratified. A neighbour of mine is to have ſeveral malefactors brought before him to-morrow morning,

morning, and has begged me to attend at their examination, for the purpoſe of making an experiment how far the penetrating eye of the judge may render torture unneceſſary for the diſcovery of the crime. You ſhall attend this intereſting inveſtigation, either as a mere ſpectator, or as my aſſeſſor, whichever you pleaſe."

This invitation came moſt opportunely. In the proſpect that in a courſe of years the ſcience of phyſiognomy might ſuperſede any neceſſity for the torture, I found additional matter for conſidering it as a great promoter of the noble cauſe of philanthropy.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

ERRATA.

4 DE 58

Page 14. line 18. *dele* the
51. — 12. *after* of *add* the
69. — 11. *for* revived *read* rejoiced
127. — 24. *for* To e'en *read* Is e'en
146. — 10. *for* ſmypathy *read* ſympathy
157. — 3. *dele* a

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